The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

The Week.

ONE passage in the President's message practically extinguishes what little hope there was of tariff legislation this winter. It is the part in which he asserts, with truth, that the Wilson bill has not yet had a chance to show what it can do in the way of producing revenue, and intimates that he proposes to give it a chance. This is tantamount to a warning that he would veto the Dingley bill or any other patchwork tariff measure. At any rate, it will doubtless be so interpreted by the Republicans who do not want to fool with the tariff at all. There would not be much fun in racking all the party joints to pass a bill, only to see it vetoed. To do it just to put Mr. Cleveland "in a hole" is no longer a sufficient motive. He is nearly out of his last hole, and the turn of the Republicans to fall into the ones they have themselves dug is coming on apace. Speaker Reed perceives the President's drift, and knows that it means no tariff or revenue legislation this winter. The President's policy is very tame, but it is announced by a man who has full power to carry it out up to March 4. It is, in a word, Leave off extravagant appropriations, give the business world a rest from tariff agitation, and let the Wilson bill have a chance.

The Indianapolis movement presents the most hopeful solution of the problems brought up by the President's message; not that any specific solution has been evolved or even outlined as yet, but because it stirs the commercial classes to their duty. They have been heretofore torpid while less intelligent groups of the community have been stirring. We have had conventions of silver men and of workingmen, we have had Ocala platforms and Omaha platforms, we have had Debs and Bryan and A. J. Warner and "Coin" Harvey in the lecture field long before the Chicago convention met, but we have had no counteracting force from the real business interests of the nation. The latter have depended on the press to speak for them and do their fighting. Now, however, they seem moved to speak for themselves. It is time to do so. We agree with Congressman Walker; we are of the opinion that if another national contest takes place with this question unsettled, the Republican party will have to face the gravest danger in its history, the danger of disintegration. Therefore we adjure them and all others who coöperated with them in the recent election to help make the Indianapolis convention a success in point of numbers and intelligence, not only for its effect upon Congress, but still more for its effect upon those who make and unmake Congresses.

Speaker Reed repeats at Washington what he said in his speech at Duluth—that it is the duty of Congress in this session to provide more revenue for the Government by tariff legislation. This may cause the Dingley bill to lift up its drooping head for a time, though we still believe the influences which openly or secretly are against that measure will be too much for it. Chief among them, of course, is the lack of time in a crowded short session. We should be glad to hear Mr. Reed's voice on the subject of keeping down expenditures as well as of increasing the revenue. All politicians that we ever heard of are in favor of more revenue—the greater it is, the greater the spendings; the greater the spendings, the fatter their pickings. Chairman Cannon of the appropriations committee is out for severe economy; he is going to use the knife relentlessly. But so he was a year ago, with the result only of seeing himself ridden down again and again by the raiders and log-rollers, and the total outlay voted rising $52,000,000 above the Government estimates. The truth is, that centralized and responsible financial control is rapidly breaking down and disappearing in Congress. Yet no Speaker or party leader mentions this, or refers to the need of retrenchment except in a general and perfunctory way; all the talk is of getting more money, whether to spend wisely or to waste recklessly is nowhere said.

We presume that our protectionist friends will draw their usual moral from the November Treasury returns. During that month the Government's revenue fell $7,050,024 short of the expenditure, contrasting with a deficit of only $1,212,780 in November, 1895. What better proof could anybody ask of the immediate necessity for new tariff legislation, framed, of course, "with due regard for the protection of American industry"? But, as it happens, there are other striking comparisons than this in the November figures. The decrease in receipts, as compared with 1895, was wholly occasioned, it is true, by diminished customs revenue. The cause for this shrinkage in customs dues, however, is pretty plain in the minds of people who have watched this season's slackening import movement. The November importations were not increased in any enormous quantity over the record of October; even the execution of orders left conditional on results of the election has not yet restored our foreign import trade to normal volume. Had the November imports this year been as large as they were in 1895, the Treasury's revenue for the month would have exceeded last year's by nearly $800,000. It will probably surprise some people to learn that, whatever current deficits may be, the November Government receipts this year were above the average of the last six years—a period covering both the McKinley and the Wilson tariffs.

But a glance at the record of expenditure tells a very different story. In November, 1891, the Government's total disbursements under appropriation bills were $26,156,000; last month they had advanced to $33,260,720—in other words, there has been a pretty steady increase in expenditures, even during the period of hard times. In the face of such comparisons as this, the talk of curing all the evils of our situation by an increased revenue is simple rubbish. If our current Government expenses were as light as they were ten years ago, the Treasury would be paying its way, and leaving a surplus over, even with the temporarily decreased customs revenue. Suppose the revenue were to be suddenly and heavily increased; does any one suppose that the log-rollers of Congress would rest idle? Despatches from Washington last week represented the committee on appropriations as getting already into consultation to discuss how they can possibly mete out justice to the horde of applicants for special Government expenditure. And who can be sure that revenue will be adjusted cleverly to meet such new demands?

A sudden shyness has fallen upon Mr. Platt in regard to the senatorship, due primarily to the appearance of Mr. Choate as an alternative candidate. He is not quite sure now whether he will consent to be a candidate, and he has had the valuable information made public through his State committee, that he has not authorized anybody to say that he would accept the place if it were offered to him. It is also announced that the great banquet at Albany, which enthusiastic Platt men have been arranging for him when he shall be elected Senator, is really not a Platt banquet, but a Senatorial banquet, and that the man who is chosen Senator will be the guest of honor, no matter who he is. All the Platt men wink at one another when they say this, and the committee of arrangements go on "flooring over" the hall as if nothing had happened to disturb the prospect. The possibility that they may be arranging a feast in honor of Mr. Choate does not seem to them to be alarming. They know the "old man" too well to have any doubts about his intentions and his methods. What he is seeking to avoid now is too sharp an examination into his record and qualifications, and, if possible, all publication of his political operations either in

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the somewhat remote or the recent past. A quiet entry upon the scene as United States Senator is what he, like the truly modest man he is, desires above all things. Invidious comparisons and impertinent discussion of qualifications give him such pain that he would almost rather forego public office than submit to them.

The Baltimore *News* advocates the election of the Senators by the people as a remedy for Platt, but we must point out that, though it might be an improvement in some ways, it would not rid us of Platt. Platt's art lies in "getting the delegates" to the nominating conventions, and the conventions would still nominate men of the Platt, Hill, and Murphy sort, unless there were some change in the moral judgment of the electors. We cannot get rid of Plattism by any legal or constitutional process. Nothing will rid us of it but an improvement in the standards of voters and an increase of State pride. Platt committed, or caused to be committed, enormous frauds in "getting the delegates" last year. These frauds were exposed by a committee of twenty-five of the best class of Republicans, who pronounced his convention "rotten." But he "got the delegates" just the same. It was "the Presidential year," and one has to wink a little at crimes in the Presidential year.

It will occasion no surprise to learn from the interviews and talks with the members and leaders of the Hill machine in various parts of this State that most of them have no definite ideas about the future. They are determined to stand by free silver and the Chicago platform till they receive "orders" to abandon that policy. Like their boss, Senator Hill, they are "waiting for something to turn up, and in the meantime are keeping very quiet." That he or they should have any convictions or principles, or any other conception of party policy than to get possession of the offices at whatever cost, could not be expected by anybody who has followed their course during the past ten years. The National Democrats, who are talking about forming an organization for future work, will make a great mistake if they count at all upon any coöperation from or any change for the better in the old Hill machine. It was suggested at their meeting in this city a few evenings ago that many of the members of that machine did not seriously believe in the principles of the Chicago platform, and would be glad to get away from them into an organization which stood for better things. This view is a delusion. They are a hopeless lot, and until the National Democrats adopt this view of them and act upon it, they will make no progress towards the restoration of their party in New York to public confidence. Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham remarked, the other evening, that "there is not a great deal for a political party to do now, but there is a lot for one to oppose"; and that is the best line for the anti-Hill Democrats to work on.

Senator Peffer is naturally both puzzled and pained at the efforts to defeat his reelection by the Populist Legislature of Kansas. He has sent out a circular letter to all the members whom he regards as his "logical supporters," in which he sets forth the arguments for his reëlection with a lucidity and force which we do not see how any supporter with a grain of logic in him can withstand. He takes his stand, to begin with, on the impregnable position that "a Senator, just like a man in any other calling, must learn his business, and that takes time." Peffer has been "studious and diligent," and has learned the business. Why turn him off just as he is ready to "attain the highest standard of usefulness"? Nor will his modesty prevent him from pointing out his solid achievements even while learning the business. Just look at this condensed but eloquent account of his efforts, as compiled from the *Congressional Record:*

Whole number petitions presented	306
Bills and joint resolutions introduced	202
Reports submitted	87
Senate and concurrent motions and resolutions	62
Amendments proposed	94
Speeches, long and short	437

There is, from the Kansas point of view, a certain logical weakness in Senator Peffer's position. He has not lived up to the prophecies made on his behalf six years ago. Then there was no talk about his requiring time to learn the Senatorial business. He was prepared at once to make the money power quake. Laws to enable every borrower in Kansas to get money out of the sub-treasury at 2 per cent., and no questions asked about security, were to be written by him in the statute-books without delay. Thus he is in the unlucky situation of having deferred a promised millennium. If it had to go six years overdue, who knows but it may still be delayed another of Peffer's terms? On the other hand, any one of his rivals before the Legislature would, we have no manner of doubt, engage to begin the chaining of the devil the very day after taking his seat. If Peffer is beaten, it will be due to the overpowering desire of Kansas to get her millennium red-hot.

In both the Georgia and the Alabama Legislatures, bills have been introduced forbidding gold contracts. The Alabama proposition was that "it shall be unlawful to make any note, bond, bill of exchange, mortgage, or any other contract or agreement of any description, payable specifically in either gold, silver, or any other particular money, other than the general legal-tender money of the United States"; and that all contracts or agreements of any description hereafter made in violation of this prohibition shall be absolutely void. In each State it has been necessary to make opposition to this scheme, intelligent people recognizing that there was danger of its endorsement if it should be voted on without discussion. The Montgomery *Advertiser*, for example, has felt constrained to argue the matter seriously, and to show why, if such a bill were to become a law, "men with means would flee from the State as a family would flee from smallpox or yellow fever." The Georgia bill was defeated in the Senate on Thursday, and the Alabama proposition promptly met the same fate.

Happily for the sound-money men in Alabama, the effect of the proposed policy was clearly illustrated while the measure was pending in the Legislature. Negotiations for the purchase of the Montgomery, Tuscaloosa and Memphis Railroad by the Mobile and Ohio have been under way for some time, and were on the point of conclusion when the bill prohibiting gold contracts was introduced. Proceedings were suspended until action should be taken on the measure, for the reason that, to secure this property, the Mobile and Ohio Company would have to endorse the bonds of the Montgomery Company, which specify in what kind of legal-tender money of the United States they are payable, while it was proposed by the Populists that the State should declare such a contract illegal. The Mobile *Register* estimated that the consummation of this purchase would result in the permanent investment of some $7,000,000 of outside capital in the State, which would give employment to many people and create values to be the subject of State taxation. The really surprising thing about such schemes as these is that the Alabama bill should have been supported by as many as nine out of twenty-nine Senators, and that in Georgia the division was so close as twenty-one for sustaining the adverse report of the judiciary committee and sixteen against.

Gov. Morton has an opportunity to do this city a service of incalculable value in selecting a successor to Col. Fellows. The District Attorney's office is the key to the machinery of justice in New York. It has been used as often to protect criminals as to prosecute them, provided there were political reasons for so doing. An honest, able, fearless man at the head of it, who used it in the interest, not of Democratic justice, or Republican justice, or Tammany justice, or liquor justice, but of plain, simple justice, could accomplish even in a single year veritable wonders for the cause of good government in the city. Such a District Attorney during the next few months would help us enormously in keeping the city from falling back into Tammany clutches next year, for he would be the most powerful ally possible for all the forces which make for good government.

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and which have so often had their efforts blocked and defeated by the passive or active opposition encountered in the District Attorney's office. Gov. Morton can break up all the combinations, some of them of many years' standing, which have been responsible for these defeats, by appointing a man who is not a political "dealer," but is simply honest and capable. It is all the more important that he should do this because it is so evident now that we have nothing to hope for in this direction from the new Governor, who is apparently willing to allow Platt to dictate all his acts. A Platt man in the District Attorney's office would be merely a Tammany man under another name. The old alliance between the two machines, which was disclosed when Col. Fellows made Lauterbach's son one of his assistants, would be continued, and the old methods of administering justice would be continued, with the difference only of a diversion of most of the patronage and other perquisites to the Platt machine.

The *Sun* thinks that "the appointing authorities as a rule would endeavor in good faith to do their duty under the civil-service clauses of the Constitution" if the work of examining candidates were turned over to them, as is proposed. The answer to this is that the plan is not new, that the system of examination by the appointing officer has been tried at Washington and failed miserably, and that the whole system of competitive examinations was originally devised in order to protect the public offices against the weakness or dishonesty of appointing officers. In fact, it is this weakness and dishonesty of appointing officers which caused the agitation for civil-service reform and led to its success. The system of examinations was instituted because it was found, after fifty years' experience, that appointing officers seldom or never appointed for fitness, or through a regard for the public service. They appointed for political reasons, either to oblige an "influoence" or to reward for political services. If they had ever done what the *Sun* says they would do now, no constitutional amendment providing for examinations would have been necessary, nor would legal examinations have been necessary at all. The officers would have held them on their own account. Their unwillingness to do anything of the sort constituted what is called the "spoils system"—that is, the system under which offices were treated as booty won at the polls.

It is not surprising that Michael Kelly, representing District Assembly 49 of the Knights of Labor, should the other day have sent a petition to the Commissioners of Grand Jurors, setting forth that "it is well understood and clearly contemplated that the grand jury should be a representative body," and that if it is not "it lacks the requirements and expectations of the body politic," and that the panel of the grand jurors, as formed for many years past, "is not of the representative character within the meaning of the law of that term." The law is simply that persons selected for the grand-jury panel shall be "intelligent citizens of good character," and possessed of the qualifications required of petty jurors. A petty juror has to be twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, a resident of the county, the owner of $250 worth of property, in possession of his faculties, neither infirm nor decrepit, intelligent, of good character, and able to read and write. That is all; so who it is who "well understood and clearly comtemplated" that it must be a representative body, "within the meaning of the law of that term," unless it be Michael Kelly himself, we cannot guess. Nor can we imagine anybody but Kelly himself being "the body politic" whose "requirements and expectations" the present panel "lacks." He wants it to be of a "broadly representative character," and to contain "a due proportion of mechanics, artisans, laborers, and clerks and small store-keepers." Were it legally a representative body, Kelly would be within his right, but the duties of the grand jury are distinctly executive and judicial. They have to shield people from vexatious and improper persecution, and to present criminals and nuisances and malfeasance in office. To discharge such duties requires a considerable degree of intelligence and education and acquaintance with business, and if the Commissioners were to select people for the grand jury for any other reasons, they would be false to their oaths and inflict a great wrong on the community.

We comment on this case because it furnishes an excellent illustration of the shape in which false ideas about government, originated and nursed by the more intelligent classes, work down among the more ignorant; the discontent they spread, and the revolutionary hopes which they nourish when men like the Knights of Labor get hold of them. The conversion of executive into representative officers began among politicians for their own purposes—that is, in order to make places, from the cabinet down, created for the public interest, rewards of electioneering work, so that at last we have the most ignorant classes of the population claiming judicial functions as "representatives." The silver craze followed nearly the same course. It was started by wily men of the upper order of intelligence, in order to help the sale of their commodities, and in ten or fifteen years became a new religion, which was to secure the happiness of mankind by universal poverty and humbug.

Mr. Arthur Balfour is rapidly getting rid of the financial authority which our bimetallists used to ascribe to him (no one ever knew why) as a "brainy man." The odd position he holds as the bimetallic First Lord of the Treasury in a monometallic government has long excited jeering remark. But he every now and then makes speeches which render his position all the odder. At Sheffield in England the other day, he apparently tried to discredit English free trade by calling attention to the fact that no other nation except Turkey had adopted it, which was rather an astonishing remark for the author of the 'Foundations of Belief,' let alone a Lord of the Treasury, to make. The logical way to criticise free trade is to ask, Has England prospered under it? If she has, the failure of other nations to adopt it simply tends to prove that other nations are foolish. As an argument it resembles the failure of a number of drunkards to imitate a man who had taken the pledge. "You see," they might say, "nobody but you has done it. What do you think of your temperance now?" That Mr. Balfour had but slight comprehension of his subject soon appeared when he calmly went to work to show that you cannot export without importing, that all imports are paid for, not in money, but in exports; which is the free-traders' capital argument, the very foundation of their system. So that if Mr. Balfour was right, the nations which had not followed England's example had failed to understand the essential facts of the case. Things like these make the Tory need of Mr. Chamberlain more and more manifest. He never attacks things he does not understand. He simply propounds a grand plan. He develops the colonies, or crushes the Irish, or pensions the old. If people do not like his proposal, they need not adopt it.

The judgment against Great Britain in the Egyptian Court of Appeals, by which she is compelled to refund the cost of the Sudan campaign to the Egyptian treasury, has all the air of being "a put-up job," though, of course, such a thing is not to be suspected. It really makes idle the French opposition to the continuance of the British occupation, for it allows England, at her own expense, to extend her frontier and to deliver Egypt from the most serious of all her difficulties, the presence of the Dervishes on her borders, where they constituted a standing menace to her government. England may, in fact, now be said to hold Egypt by purchase, and the French rejoicings over the judgment become somewhat ludicrous. This is the one success of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, and it will be very useful in covering up his Turkish failure. He has, by the by, repudiated as "superstitious" the opposition to Russia, which he encouraged in 1877 under Disraeli; and this with much cheerfulness, as if he had not served under that amusing adventurer in the Berlin Conference.

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THE MESSAGE.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S message, after a few introductory sentences, begins with a reference to the Armenian massacres and the attitude of our Government with reference to them. He says that no Americans have been killed or wounded in these disturbances, although often in the midst of dangers. Claims have been made on the Turkish Government for missionary property pillaged or destroyed at Harput and Marash during uprisings at those places, and they will be insisted upon, although the Turkish Government does not acknowledge responsibility. The President deprecates the demand for impossible things on the part of those who sympathize with the Armenians, believing that any step taken by us in the way of intervention in the domestic concerns of Turkey not only would be ineffectual, but would increase the fury and fanaticism of the Turks and offend those European nations which have the exclusive right to interfere.

The war in Cuba fills a considerable space in the message, as was expected. The President says that there has not been much change in the situation since his last message on the subject. The Spanish authorities occupy Havana and all the large towns, while the insurgents hold two-thirds of the rural districts. The former have not succeeded in suppressing the rebellion, but, on the other hand, the rebels "have not made good their title to be regarded as an independent state." A government exists in the towns, but anarchy exists everywhere else. In fact, "the putative Cuban Government has now given up all attempt to exercise its functions, leaving that Government confessedly (what there is the best reason for supposing it always to have been in fact) a government merely on paper."

This is a very important statement as affecting the matter of belligerent rights, and it seems to settle the question so far as this Government is concerned, for if there is no rebel Government, but only roving bands, there is nothing to recognize and nobody to communicate with. Meanwhile the country itself is going to ruin. Both sides are destroying property lest it fall into the hands of the other, and the outlook is most gloomy. Natives of Cuba residing in the United States are doing all in their power to bring about intervention by the United States, and many of our own citizens, excited by the spectacle of people striving after better and freer government, are urging steps which would lead to such a policy even at the cost of a war with Spain, which they think would not amount to much anyway. Upon this point the President's remarks are most admirable. He says that whether a war with Spain would be long or short, easy or difficult, the United States has its own character to maintain and its own duties to perform in the family of nations. Although peace is not a necessity to us, it is always a desideratum. Our own territory is sufficient to satisfy all of our longings, to preclude all thought of conquest, and to stifle all desire for seizing what belongs to others. Our uniform policy in former insurrections has been that of non-intervention, and, so far as can be now seen, it should so continue. At the same time he suggests that by the autonomy of Cuba, voluntarily granted by Spain, and consistent with her sovereignty, the pacification of the island might still be effected. Such a course, he thinks, would stop the conflict and save some measure of prosperity for the island.

After giving his reasons for thinking that peace might be restored in this w y, the President comes to the most weighty and interesting part of his reference to Cuban affairs, which is this:

"It was intimated by this Government to the Government of Spain some months ago that if a satisfactory measure of home rule were tendered the Cuban insurgents, and would be accepted by them upon a guarantee of its execution, the United States would endeavor to find a way not objectionable to Spain of furnishing such guarantee. While no definite response to this intimation has yet been received from the Spanish Government, it is believed to be not altogether unwelcome, while, as already suggested, no reason is perceived why it should not be approved by the insurgents. Neither party can fail to see the importance of early action, and both must realize that to prolong the present state of things for even a short period will add enormously to the time and labor and expenditure necessary to bring about the industrial recuperation of the island. It is therefore fervently hoped on all grounds that earnest efforts for healing the breach between Spain and the insurgent Cubans, upon the lines above indicated, may be at once inaugurated and pushed to an immediate and successful issue. The friendly offices of the United States, either in the manner above outlined or in any other way consistent with our Constitution and laws, will always be at the disposal of either party."

At the same time the President says that we can neither allow interference with or the control of Cuba by any other Power, nor can we wait for ever for Spain to reëstablish her own control. Without attempting to pass judgment upon future events, he thinks that a time may come when we can no longer remain mere spectators of a scene of desolation; but "until we face the contingencies suggested, or the situation is by other incidents imperatively changed, we should continue in the line of conduct heretofore pursued, thus in all circumstances exhibiting our obedience to the requirements of public law, and our regard for the duty enjoined upon us by the position we occupy in the family of nations."

It is most gratifying to find the Venezuelan boundary question dispatched in a paragraph of ten lines, which tells us that all differences between this country and Great Britain on that subject have vanished, and that the assent of Venezuela to the arbitration agreed upon between the two countries may be confidently anticipated. Still more gratifying is the assurance which the message conveys on the wider subject of general arbitration with Great Britain. Negotiations for such a treaty, it says, "are far advanced, and promise to reach a successful consummation at an early date."

The President's recommendations touching financial reform embrace nothing new, nothing which he has not presented to Congress with equal force in former communications, special and general, yet they will receive more respectful attention now than they did one year ago. The change of attitude on the part of the Republicans is due, of course, to the fact that Mr. Cleveland is the head of the sound-money Democrats, without whose coöperation in the recent campaign Mr. McKinley could not have been elected. What he says, therefore, on any subject will receive very respectful consideration from them, and especially on the subject which constituted the chief issue of the campaign. They may not adopt any specific legislation at the present session, but the minds of members will be open to suggestions coming from that quarter, and this receptiveness will extend to their constituents also. This is at least an important aid to future action.

The President refers first to the greenback as an incident of the war period to be classed among other evils of a temporary kind, such as the wounds of soldiers and the bereavement of families—evils which wisdom will tolerate no longer than necessary. The wounds have been healed so far as possible, the bereavement has been soothed as much as possible, but the greenback remains "a disturbing menace to business security and an ever-present agent of monetary distress." Then he adds: "Because we are enjoying a temporary relief from its depressing influence, this should not lull us into a false security, nor lead us to forget the suddenness of past visitations." These past visitations are so recent that it is hardly necessary to recount them. There have been four different occasions in three years when an issue of bonds was absolutely necessary to save the Government from bankruptcy. The last one was when the President sent the Venezuelan message to Congress. What happened then is sufficient warning of what might happen at any time if any serious foreign complication should arise. We should not like to underwrite the Treasury, for example, in the event of a war with Spain, for although that might not be much of a war in itself, it would begin, as all wars do, by the hoarding of gold by those who have the means and the power to command gold. Such persons always "take time by the forelock," and put themselves in a condition for every emergency. Foreign complications are likely to rise at any time. They generally come when they are not expected, as the Chilian complication came in Harrison's time and the Venezuelan one last year. And let not the grim spectre of Bryanism be forgotten.

Mr. Cleveland's recommendations are the same that he has advanced before. They include the retirement of the greenbacks and such changes of the national

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banking-law as will give us an elastic as well as a safe currency. These suggestions may be called stereotyped. They are certainly familiar, but they have become so by their ever-pressing and increasing necessity. As the chairman of the Indianapolis conference said the other day: "The time has now arrived when the Government must either discontinue the banking business or go into it on a broader, better defined, and more comprehensive scale." There is no way to pursue the latter course except by making the Treasury a bank of discount as well as a bank of issue; and when it becomes a bank of discount, it will end with the sub-treasury system of the Populists and general chaos.

ACCOUNTABILITY.

As has been recognized by all thoughtful men both here and in England, one of the great scandals and shames of our democracies is the large sums of money spent in various forms of corruption at elections. Successful efforts have been made in England to put a check on it by specifying the amounts which may be lawfully spent, and the ways in which they may be spent, and compelling the candidates and their committees to declare how much they have spent and on what. There are a few States in the Union which have begun to copy this legislation, including New York, but we have copied it only very partially. We in this State oblige every candidate to say how much he has spent on his election, but he gets rid of all trouble in the matter by saying how much he has given to the committee, and from the committee we get no account whatever. When a judge, for instance, purchases his nomination from the committee for $10,000, say, the committee never tells what it does with the money.

On the political evils of this we do not propose to comment to-day. They are patent enough. The thing to which we wish to call attention is the very demoralizing effect on the whole community, and especially on the young men, of this public practice of handling large sums of money belonging to other people without rendering any account. This has in "politics" been carried to an astounding extent. The sum Mr. Hanna and his committee have passed through their hands in the last election is said to amount to millions; no one outside the committee knows how much it was, or what was done with it. In this State the two bosses Croker and Platt have collected hundreds of thousands of dollars during the last ten years, and no one knows what became of it. But the necessity of accounting to some one for all money given to you by other people except as a gift to yourself personally, lies at the very foundation of social morality. Ever since the establishment of the right of property, of the recognition of a difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and ever since the invention of writing and arithmetic, accounting for what you have done with things belonging to others, and especially with money, has been held to be one of the first duties of men. Failure to keep accounts raises in law a presumption of dishonesty, no matter in whom. The destruction of books of account raises a presumption that there was something to conceal. All executors, and administrators, and guardians, and trustees, and agents are bound to account in writing by the courts. So are all treasurers of corporations of every kind, charitable as well as others. Every one to whom a friend gives money for any purpose considers himself bound in honor to say what disposition he has made of it down to the last cent. In fact, accounting forms the larger part of the business of mankind every day. The duty of accounting is among the very foremost of social duties, and the one which needs most earnestly to be impressed on every child from his infancy.

Well, we have, in spite of all this, established among us the practice of giving large sums of money to an individual, or a small knot of individuals, nominally to assist in carrying on our government, without ever asking them either how much they have received or what they do with it. A committee, however, furnishes a slight guarantee of honesty, because the members are possibly a check on each other; but in this State we substitute for a committee a single man, called a "boss," and we hand over to him all the funds he asks for, without inquiry, without accounts, vouchers, or any description of bookkeeping. The lower the opinion we have of his character, the more money we give him. No charity, or college, or hospital, or library, or museum could in this city get one-hundredth part of the money given to Croker and Platt in a single year by men fully persuaded of the bad character of both, yet given without receipt, or examination, or account. Neither of these ever says what he does with the money.

In the case of Croker the presumption is raised that he appropriated a large part of it to his own use by the fact that he became suddenly rich, acquired large possessions, and took to horse-racing in England. But Platt lives plainly, manages an express business, resides in a hotel, and has a pew in church. This leads many people to say they feel sure that he keeps none of the money himself, that it all goes in paying election expenses, subsidizing editors, and generally "supporting the party." But they have no right to exempt Platt from the ancient presumption, justified by ten thousand years of human experience, and adopted in all our law and business, that the man who does not account is dishonest, and does use for his own profit the money he receives as a trustee. As long as Platt refuses to say what he did with the money, the theory that he keeps some of it for himself is too strong to be upset by any feeling or opinion of people who confess they know no more about the matter than any one else. Under these circumstances the plainness of his house or dress, or his pew in church, or his own declaration counts for nothing. He may not care for gaudy attire or a sumptuous abode. He may be putting his gains into investments for his children. He may have a pew in church, as hundreds have it, as a means of helping his business. The one question to put to him is a question which in every age has made the guilty tremble —"Where are the books?" Nothing can meet this but the books—no surmises, no old clothes, no cheap board, no sanctimonious expression of countenance, no length of hair, no pew in church, no readiness to go to war with England.

MR. RAINES AND HIS LAW.

It required only three days of inquiry to convince Senator Raines that the responsibility for the unsatisfactory operation of his liquor law rests, not with the police of this or any other city, but in the defective provisions of the law itself. This might have been inferred from the authorship of the statute. Mr. Raines has been active in the politics of this State for nearly or quite twenty years, and during that time has done nothing which gave evidence that he was interested in anything except political trickery. Nobody has ever accused him of taking "theoretical" views of public questions, and he has seldom been found on the side of a genuine reform measure. Taken as a whole, his political reputation is as well rounded as that of any thoroughly practical politician in the State. When he took hold of the liquor question, and bent his mind to the preparation of a general law for the State, everybody who knew him knew that the law would be stuffed as full as it could hold with "politics" of the Platt machine variety.

His investigation proves that this was the case. All the evils which it has caused—and they are very great and very demoralizing—are shown to be the outcome of those provisions of the law which Raines put in for the purpose of making the law useful to politics. He would not accept the Ohio law as it stood, because that does not provide for the building up of a huge political machine. He would not accept the principle of a tax on liquor, and leave the business of collecting it, as the Ohio law does, to the regular tax-collecting machinery of the State. That would put the liquor-traffic outside of politics, as the Ohio statute has done, and Raines was not seeking any such end as that. His object was to take the traffic out of Democratic politics and put it into Republican politics. Accordingly, he created a State bureau for the collection of the tax and the enforcement of the law, with about 200 employees and a salary list aggregating fully $250,000 a

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year. He gave so much thought to this part of the statute that the other parts got little attention, and were thrown in with small regard to their meaning or scope.

When the law failed to work with entire satisfaction in this city, Raines declared that the fault lay with the police, and he came down here for the special purpose of proving his charge. A great mass of cumulative testimony poured upon him to the effect that what he charged as violations of the law, committed because of police incompetence or dishonesty, was really vile public nuisances made possible and actually protected by his law. These so-called "fake" or "Raines" hotels are pronounced by the most competent authorities to be far worse dens of iniquity and drunkenness on Sundays than the old liquor-saloons were when they were all "wide open." The police are powerless to close them because of the provisions of Raines's law, which are so vague and lax as to make any intelligent interpretation of them difficult, and to make the most reasonable interpretation of them favorable to the dens.

When he could no longer refuse to confess that the law itself was responsible for these evils, Raines is quoted as declaring with virtuous fury: "We will close these fake hotels and clubs on Sunday, even if we have to close every hotel and club in the city to do it. It would be a hardship for the bona-fide places to close, but it would result in the greatest good to the greatest number. Public opinion will not permit the fake establishments to remain open, and the newspapers are paving the way to closing them by their outcry." By "we" Raines of course means himself and the other rural statesmen who regulate our municipal affairs for us each winter. He does not intend to allow the people of this city to have any voice as to the way in which the Sunday-selling question shall be solved. The newspapers which call attention to the abominable effects of his law are making an "outcry," and are warned that they are in danger of bringing about the complete closing of all hotels and clubs on Sunday if they do not stop. This is the regulation Raines method of solving a great public question.

Raines closed his inquiry in very bad humor, and the chances are that the city will suffer for it when he gets down to "work" in the Senate this winter. The net result of his week of investigation was a unanimous condemnation of his liquor law as a loosely drawn measure, which has greatly stimulated drunkenness and added perceptibly to the vice and crime of the city. Not only the witnesses whom Raines examined agreed in this view, but the grand jury added to his wrath and misery presently by saying, in an entirely unexpected and gratuitous manner, that, in their opinion, the law was so drawn "as to invite evasion and make its strict enforcement impossible," thereby bringing the "administration of criminal justice into disrepute and contempt." Raines had hardly become calm under this assault when he received a letter from Dr. Parkhurst which was so extremely disagreeable to himself as a statesman and lawmaker that he refused to give it out to the press, and declared that if anybody else gave it out, he would "compel Dr. Parkhurst to come to Albany and back up his statements there." As he might have expected, after this threat, the Doctor gave out the letter at once. It simply stated, in the Doctor's forcible style, the main facts about the law which Raines himself had established at his inquiry, and which the grand jury has emphasized.

We must be meek and take what Raines and his associates will give us. As Mr. Roosevelt said in his testimony the other day, there are some admirable provisions of the law which go far to offset its defects. One of these is the requirement that all shades and shutters shall be open or raised on Sundays, and another is the higher tax. Still another is the abolition of the local Boards of Excise. These changes give us a condition of affairs which is a great improvement upon the old. Whatever defects exist are due entirely to the "politics" and ignorance which flow inevitably from lawmakers of the Raines variety. They are not making laws for the public good, but for the benefit of the political machine; and so long as the people of the State are content to leave this most important business to them, just so long must we expect results which make our claim to civilization a huge joke, and government in our cities so often little less than legalized crime.

CODFISH AND CURRENCY.

How did we get our dollar—our recent apple of discord? The measures which American colonists brought from England we for the most part still retain. Our terms for length and area—as foot, acre, and all through the scale – are English. So are our words for capacity, from least to greatest. Our weights, too, from grains to tons, are English. Neither the old French arpent nor the new French metre has prevailed among us. We remain English in regard to all measures except those of value. Cleaving to English heirlooms of weight and bulk, why have we discarded English monetary measures—ignoring the pound sterling while abiding by the pound troy and the pound avoirdupois? "Thanks to codfish!" is the shortest answer, and it is not far from the exact truth. No colonies save our own are known to have rejected the monetary standards of their mother countries. But for colonial fisheries, there is small reason to think that we should not to this day reckon in English pounds of value as we do in English pounds of weight.

The genesis, however, of the federal currency in fisheries, and its growth out of them, form a by way of history which has been seldom explored. The truth is, that, from the earliest settlement of New England, fish exported elsewhere than to the mother country brought home to us the bulk of the specie in colonial circulation. This money was for the most part dollars, a coin long known as pieces-of-eight, having the value of eight reals. Wherever dollars became the predominant coin in circulation, they naturally became the real unit of value, while the word pound sterling, hardly entering into actual transactions, was retained in keeping accounts. Dollar as a coin came into the American colonies, directly or indirectly, chiefly from Spaniards. The name dollar, unknown in Spanish even now, was derived from the German tongue, and probably came into American use from the Dutch founders of New York.

The word dollar has a curious history. Ten miles from Carlsbad, so well known to American invalids, there was a mediæval Bohemian mine rich in silver. The place was called Joachimsthal, or the dale of Joachim. In the year 1518 the richness of the mine led to a coinage, with little alloy, which thus gained high repute and wide circulation. The name Joachimsthaler, contracted, as all long words must be if much used, became *thaler—i. e.*, valley-piece—and a synonym of good money. Hence its good name was given to many similar coins. As Joachimsthal was in the German Empire, or *Reich*, the pieces minted there were called *Reichsthäler*—that is, in English, Rix or Rigs-dollars. One of the earliest appearances of the word in English was in 1606. Shakspere, in "Macbeth" (i., 2, 62), then spoke of slain Norsemen denied burial till their king had disbursed ten thousand dollars. But the word was doubtless already known. It occurs often in the travels of Sandys, begun in 1610, and shows the thing to have already gone up and down in three continents. Sandys hired a boat in Egypt for twelve dollars (p. 117). He tells us that Dutch dollers (*sic*) throughout Jewry and Phœnicia were "equivalent with royals of eight—elsewhere less by ten aspers" (p. 205). He adds that Constantinople was "well stored with pieces of eight, which in no place lose [aught] of their value." He found the monastery on Mount Sinai to be "receiving an annual revenue of 60,000 dollars from Christian princes" (p. 124).

On the Western continent the name came into use not much more slowly than the coin. In 1642 it was ordained by Massachusetts authorities, "considering the often occasions we have of trading with the Hollanders of the Dutch plantation and otherwise, that the Holland ducatour [*sic*] shall be current at six shillings, and the Rix dollar and Royall-of-eight shall be five shillings" (Mass. Col. Rec., ii., p. 29). The next year a similar enactment in Connecticut said that "good Ryalls-of-eight and Rix dollars should pass at five shillings." From the tendency of words to contraction, and because the syllable Rix, though significant of empire to Germans, means nothing to foreign ears, that prefix was dropped in common parlance, while the word dollar survived.

The name dollar, however derived by our colonists, could not fail to be extended to the Spanish *peso*, or pound, a word from the same root with *pois*, the final syllable in avoirdupois. The alternative Spanish name, piece-of-eight, was a circumlocution which could not fail to be supplanted by the single word dollar. Pieces-of-eight flowed into New England from southern Europe and the West Indies, partly in return for fish and partly from half-piratical buccaneers who made booty on Spanish commerce. In Plymouth, Gov. Bradford describes one Capt. Cromwell, who, in 1646, having made prizes, "scattered a great deal of silver among the pilgrims, and, as was feared, a great deal more sin than silver." In 1740 Capt. Hull of Newport made such a

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capture that the share of every man on his ship was proclaimed in the Boston *News-Letter* to amount to more than a thousand pieces-of-eight. In 1687 the Yankee skipper Phips, with his divers, brought up a million and a half of such pieces from the sunken wreck of a single Spanish galleon. But these spasmodic windfalls were trifles compared with the steady stream which gushed forth from the perennial fishery fountains.

The connection of cod and currency was close. Money was never so scarce in New England as during its early decades. That colony had been planted by the aid of English capital. The exports from the new country were needed for paying debts in the old, or for procuring new supplies. No import of money from England could be hoped for, nor could the colonists keep the pittance they had brought with them. Within ten years after his arrival, Winthrop writes sadly, "Our money was now [1640] gone" (Journal, ii., p. 24). In this emergency attempts were made to keep money in the country by a law which forbade carrying it out on pain of forfeiture, and by a fiat-money act for coining ninepences and ordaining that they should pass current as shillings. Hence originated the pine-tree shillings of the Old Bay State, now prized so highly by numismatists. Puritans eschewed Shakspere, but they knew as well as his *Jack Cade* to order that "seven ha'penny loaves should be sold for a penny."

Necessity fortunately soon invented a more excellent way to make money plenty in every man's pocket. A new and better fish market than the English was discovered and utilized to the utmost. The Navigation Act, indeed, forced all vessels to steer for England, but, once there, they could push on to Spain and further. This act, however, laid on American necks a yoke too heavy to be borne. It was thrown off at every opportunity, without any twinge of Puritan conscience, especially as to the carriage of fish to the West Indies. It was soon relaxed so as to permit voyages direct to all points south of the most northern cape in Spain. Thanks to fasts, which had been abolished in England, fish in rigidly Catholic countries was indispensable. The demand was great and unceasing, prices high, and paid in pieces-of-eight. No wonder the fish trade, mainly in cod, expanded and was differentiated. Refuse culls, or poor John, became in sugar islands the only luxury of Sambo; the medium grades contented his creole master, while the selectest variety, the duncod, enabled European grandees of the straitest sect to keep the most rigorous fasts without much mortification of the flesh.

It is safe to say that none of these varieties of cod tasted so sweet to hunger-bitten fasters as the profits from them tasted to the Yankees when they had secured free course through Southern markets. Their ciphering was of this sort: A vessel of 100 tons with twenty men fishing on the Banks and voyaging to Portugal, Spain, or Italy, perhaps selling half her cargo in the West Indies, will expend £1,000. At the year's end her receipts may be expected to show a gain of 200 per cent. It is no wonder that as early as 1709 the fishing navy was chronicled as already amounting to 30,000 tons. In 1741 the total export trade to southern islands equalled that to England itself; each was reckoned at £100,000. The birth of a codfish aristocracy could not be long deferred.

The codfish dollar as a coin could not fail to become early the real unit of value, though the pound so continued in name till near the close of the eighteenth century. The Spanish fractions of the dollar, as well as the dollar itself, predominated in American circulation, while English names were given to the pieces. Thus, the ryall (rial, real, royal) was called a nine-pence, and its half a four-pence-ha'penny. These Spanish subdivisions formed most of the change current in the United States during the first half of the present century. This fact appears in the rates of postage, which were fixed in conformity to the size of those bits. We see on old letters postage marked 6¼ cents, because the smallest Spanish silverling passed at that value. But for this coin, postage could never be fully paid, as no quarter of a cent was ever minted. Economical men used to pay in copper, and thus saved four per cent. on their outlays. For twenty-three years previous to 1828, not one half dime was stamped in the United States mint, and the total number which had been before stamped was little over a quarter of a million (265,543). Other American coins were struck off on a similarly scanty scale.

We thus owe the federal currency formally adopted by Congress in 1786, but used in business long before, to codfish. It brought us the dollar as our monetary unit—the dollar both name and thing, with all early subdivisions and some that still survive—as really as though every codfish had been caught with a silverling in his mouth, like the fish in which St. Peter found the stater for paying his tribute and his master's.

Correspondence.

THE COLLEGE MAN IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In support of your statements and statistics in this week's *Nation*, illustrating the chance of monopoly of the public service by college graduates under civil-service rules, I beg to contribute the following figures, just compiled by me from the records of the Massachusetts Civil-Service Commission, showing the number of college men applying or examined since the organization of this commission in 1884. In this table I have included as college men all applicants claiming to have attended college, without regard to the length of time, or whether they received a degree:

PERSONS EXAMINED.

Year	School education.	College education
1885	1,267	25
1886	1,016	19
1887	919	19
1888	1,008	6
1889	989	27
1890	1,031	13
1891	1,055	29
1892	883	20
1893	1,854	19
1894	1,568	14
1895	2,578	35
1896	2,767	37
Total	16,935	263

Percentage of college men, 1.53.

It is probable that there are in Massachusetts more college graduates in proportion to the male population than in any other State. I add that the average age of applicants for the classified civil service in Massachusetts is a little over thirty-five years. It has varied but little from year to year. The lowest average age was in the year 1890, 33.47; the highest in 1891, 37.28.

Chas. Theo. Russell, Chairman.

Massachusetts Civil-Service Commission,
Boston, December 4, 1896.

THE PROVIDENCE ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Providence municipal election, which this year was held for the first time on the same day as the Presidential election, presented some very instructive features. In the voting for the Presidential ticket, the Republican candidate evidently received nearly the entire sound-money vote, giving a Republican plurality of 7,211; while in the voting for the municipal ticket the plurality was a Democratic one of 9,366. In other words, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, who one year ago received only 7,904 votes, was this year re-elected by a vote of 14,506. To obtain this, he apparently must have received more Republican votes than the Republican candidate of this year, who had only 5,140 votes.

If the comparison be made with the total vote cast this year in the municipal and Presidential ballotings respectively, the result is almost equally interesting. Out of a total of 20,056 votes cast for the Presidential tickets, the McKinley ticket received 13,124. Out of a total of 21,889 votes cast for the municipal tickets, the Democratic ticket received 14,506. In each case the successful candidates received more than two-thirds of the whole, and outnumbered their opponents more than two to one.

While it is true that the reëlected Mayor of Providence is emphatically worthy of the non-partisan support which he received, there is yet another feature of interest to be taken into account. In the face of every principle of local self-government, and in the face of the direct remonstrances of the municipalities concerned, the Republican majority in the last State Legislature succeeded in enacting the law whereby, in each of the five cities of the State, the municipal election should this year fall on the day of the Presidential election. The obvious expectation was that a successful Republican ticket in national matters would perforce sweep along with it the Republican candidates on the local municipal tickets. It is at once ludicrous and reassuring to notice that in only one of these five cities (Woonsocket) was a Republican mayor elected, while every one of them (and, in fact, every one of the thirty-seven towns and cities in the State) voted against the Bryan ticket.

We are sometimes inclined to ask despairingly whether voters can be induced to think for themselves. On this occasion it is very evident that they did think for themselves.

F.

Providence, R. I., December 5, 1896.

DUELLING IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of November 26, in a paragraph relating to duelling in the German Army, says that duelling in the British Army was abolished about fifty years ago. This is not correct. Duelling has in fact been discountenanced in the British Army since much earlier times. Our articles of war against duelling were copied from the British articles in 1775, and the prohibition of the practice may be traced back through different British codes to the beginning of the seventeenth century. In James the Second's articles (1686) and Prince Rupert's (1673), the articles relating to duelling are almost in the language of the American articles now in force. In the ordinances published by the Earl of Northumberland in 1640 it was prescribed that "whosoever shall receive an injurie, and shall

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take his own satisfaction, shall be punished by imprisonment, and as it shall be thought fit by the marshall court." In the ordinances put forth by the Earl of Essex in 1639 the corresponding article was:

"No man shall challenge or defye another, in campe or garrison, nor shall accept of the challenge, upon paine of imprisonment and publike disarming before his companie; nor shall any, by words or injuries, provoke another to the fight or duell, or shall revenge his own injuries or provocations, upon the like penalties."

In the Articles of War of Gustavus Adolphus the article relating to duelling is in language which seems to indicate that it was followed in the British codes:

"No Duell or Combat shall be permitted to bee fought either in the Leaguer or place of Strength; if any offereth to wrong others, it shall bee decided by the Officers of the Regiment; he that challengeth the field of another shall answer it before the Marshal's Court. If any Captain, Lieutenant, Ancient, or other inferiour officer, shall either give leave or permission unto any under their command, to enter combat, and doth not rather hinder them, shall be presently cashiered from their charges, and serve afterwards as a Reformado or common souldier; but if any harm be done he shall answer it as deeply as he that did it."

And even in the military code of Henry VIII. it was prescribed "that noe man make debate, striffe, or contention for anie hatred or malice of tyme passed, ne for tyme to come, whereby anie man bee slayne, upon payne of him or them that be causers, or partners of ye murder, to be hanged therefore."

G. Norman Lieber.

Washington, December 2, 1896.

[We did not say "discountenanced"; we said "abolished," which is correct. Duels were fought by army officers in England down to 1843. The late Lord Cardigan fought one with another officer in 1840, and the last duel in England was in 1843 between Lieutenant Monro and Colonel Fawcett, his brother-in-law, when Colonel Fawcett was killed. This led, in 1844, to an amendment to the Articles of War, which visited failure to try to prevent a duel even, let alone "to fight or promote a duel," with cashiering, and made the reception or offer of an apology suitable to the character of honorable men. Before this, duelling was not punished unless it had fatal results, and to refuse a challenge led to retirement from the regiment. Consequently, while Mr. Lieber is correct in saying that duelling in England was "discountenanced" centuries ago, he is incorrect in saying that we are "not correct" in saying that it was abolished only fifty years ago. The exact number is fifty-two.—Ed. Nation.]

INJUNCTION AND ANARCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 5 you denounce Senate Bill No. 2984 authorizing trial by jury in contempt cases in the federal courts, under the heading "The Bill to Authorize Anarchy." Permit me to inquire how you reconcile your views therein with those of date September 13, 1894, entitled "The Debs Case," wherein you condemn the action of the federal court at Chicago in trying without a jury the contempt charges against Debs and others for violating an "omnibus" injunction theretofore issued. When a journal so independent and generally sane on public questions changes front so completely as the *Nation* has done in this instance, it is due to its readers that the reasons therefor be given.

Very truly yours, Henry Z. Johnson.

Boisé, Idaho, November 18, 1896.

[We do not seem to have been inconsistent. In the editorial of 1894 we conceded that "there is no doubt of the power of a court to punish summarily those who disobey its orders; . . . the person charged with contempt . . . cannot demand a jury"; and our theme was, "It may be doubted whether the injunctions [in the Debs case] were not wholly superfluous"; and we contended that it was improper to resort to the civil injunction, with its possibilities of contempt proceedings, when the situation really involved a crime, and therefore should have been left, for preventive purposes, to the federal troops as peace officers. Since that time popular feeling, aroused by the impropriety noted by us, has come to confound in its haste the injunction itself with the casual abuse of it; and our aim in the editorial of November 5 was to warn against this terrible error, which, if carried into effect by Senate Bill No. 2984, would wholly destroy the very vitality of the injunction in all cases, however legitimately used—a consequence disastrous to civil rights. In short, it is one thing to criticise the propriety of using the injunction in a given case (which we did in 1894), but it is a wholly different thing to wish to abolish it as a civil remedy (which we now and ever shall oppose).—Ed. Nation.]

MARY LYON AND OBERLIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent gift of $450 by the professors and students at Oberlin to Mt. Holyoke College, in return for a similar sum sent to Oberlin by Miss Lyon and her pupils (then at Ipswich, Mass.), furnishes a proper occasion to fix in the public mind some facts concerning the movement for the higher education of women which are not generally known. This large gift (for the time) of Miss Lyon and her associates was sent to Oberlin in 1834 in token of their interest in the determination of Oberlin's founders to open all departments of the College to women on equal terms with men. It was three or four years after this that Miss Lyon established the Seminary at Mt. Holyoke, which has only lately become a college with a full curriculum.

The interest in the higher education of women was, at that time, also manifested by the number of young women who flocked to Oberlin for the advantages there offered to them, entering the very first classes, and in due time finishing the classical course (then on a par with that of the New England colleges), and receiving the bachelor's degree twelve or fifteen years before it was granted to women by any other college. This is a fact to be remembered by the presidents of some of our women's colleges, who seem to be under the impression that the movement for the higher education of women began with them.

G. Frederick Wright.

Notes.

The Caxton Club of Chicago has nearly ready Joutel's 'Journal of La Salle's Last Voyage,' a page-for-page and line-for-line reprint of the first English translation (1714), with a facsimile of the folding-map of the first French edition (1713), and numerous notes by Melville B. Anderson. Two hundred and three copies will be printed from type on American handmade paper and three on Japanese vellum. Subscriptions at six dollars to the paper set will not be received after December 16. The treasurer of the club is Charles L. Hutchinson.

The Southern History Association will begin with the new year to issue its publications in the form of a quarterly, subscription to which is included in the annual membership fee of three dollars. The Secretary is Colyer Meriwether, 325 East Capitol Street, Washington.

Miss Alice C. Baker of Cambridge and Deerfield, Mass., has made it a pious duty to trace the fortunes of New England's captives carried to Canada during the French and Indian wars. She has done this, not alone in books, but by laborious travels in the St. Lawrence Valley, and her 'Stories of the Captives,' embracing thirteen narratives, will be published during the present season.

Fresh announcements by the Macmillan Company are 'A First Book in Writing English,' by Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph.D., of Chicago University; 'Bird Life for Beginners,' by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright and Dr. Elliott Coues; 'The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III.,' by Prof. Oliver H. Richardson of Drury College; and 'Faith the Beginning, Self-Surrender the Fulfilment, of the Spiritual Life,' by Dr. James Martineau.

Copeland & Day, Boston, who have transferred their list of works issued in connection with John Lane of London to his New York house, The Bodley Head, 140 Fifth Avenue, announce 'In Childhood's Country,' by Louise Chandler Moulton, pictured by Ethel Reed; 'Martins,' poems by Francis Sherman, and 'Gold Stories of '49,' by a Californian.

Ginn & Co. will bring out this winter 'Method in History,' by Prof. Wm. H. Mace of Syracuse University.

'Pennsylvania Colony and Commonwealth,' by Sidney George Fisher, is in the press of Henry T. Coates & Co.

We reserve for future notice the long-expected work by Dr. Dörpfeld on the Greek Theatre, which has at last appeared and is for sale by Lemcke & Buechner, New York. The title is 'Das Griechische Theater; Beiträge zur Geschichte des Dionysos-Theaters in Athen, und anderer Griechischer Theater, von Wilhelm Dörpfeld und Emil Reisch' (Leipzig: Carl Fr. Fleischer).

The pains bestowed by Dodd, Mead & Co. on their holiday edition of Lord Lytton's 'Richelieu' have met with least success in what was presumably the main motive for the edition—we mean the illustrations. They are the work of one hand, but untastefully (and untypographically) contrasted in the medium of expression; part being in pen-and-ink line, part in wash, and all feeble and anything but dramatic.

There is little to say of 'My Village' (Scribners). Life in a French village is described in

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it with pen and pencil by E. Boyd Smith, and text and illustrations are much on a level of pretty slightness. The little book may serve to pass a pleasant hour if one is content not to ask too much of it.

The 'Jane Eyre' just issued in London by Service & Paton and in New York by the Putnams deserves consideration by admirers of that work. The letter-press is distinct and tasteful, the binding in corresponding taste. Mr. F. H. Townsend's illustrations are clever and individual, if slight.

Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, have provided a companion to Amicis's 'Constantinople' in Charles Yriarte's 'Venice,' similarly adorned with excellent and pertinent photogravures, a good map, and an index. Colleoni's statue does duty a second time upon the cover, and gives distinction to the binding. Yriarte is more historical and artistic than his Italian brother man of letters, but he has his moments of tourist description and impression, and is anything but heavy reading.

"A Selection of Songs of Good Courage" is the sub-title, and perhaps the better title, of 'Through Love to Light,' made by John White Chadwick and Annie Hathaway Chadwick—a pretty volume in white and gold (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.). It must not, however, as the compilers give warning, be too rigidly interpreted, as witness Alfred Lyall's 'Theology in Extremis' and (considering how large a part the hereafter plays in keeping up our spirits) Matthew Arnold's "Is it so small a thing?" Arnold has, by the way, been more largely drawn upon than any other poet, with nine pieces; Emerson with eight; Lowell and Tennyson with seven; Browning, Clough, Symonds, and E. R. Sill with six, etc. Lowell is ingeniously made to furnish an antistrophe to Shakspere. Whittier lends but two, and Wordsworth but four, pieces. Mr. Chadwick contributes liberally of his own store, and there is otherwise a fair representation of the Unitarian connection, especially of the younger men. The names of Carman, Roberts, Tabb, Riley, Arlo Bates, and W. R. Thayer show that our newest singers have not been overlooked. Many of the titles are supplied, for fragments, by the compilers. One of these, "Cosmic Emotion," is as exact as it is un-Tennysonian. The collection cannot fail to find acceptance.

Mr. Clifton Johnson has made New England his province in one or more works which he has used his camera to adorn and illustrate to the life. He returns to the subject in 'A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine' (Boston: Lee & Shepard), with chapters on winter life, town-meeting, financiering on a small farm, a hill-town Sabbath, the minister, deserted homes, etc. Mr. Johnson does not rank with the more practised, graphic, or philosophic writers who have preceded him, but his matter is interesting and based on knowledge. His pictures are well-chosen for character and scenic effect, and, if they do not always fit the adjacent text, they harmonize with the atmosphere of the book. The volume is handsomely manufactured.

The latest of the Scribners' musical publications is 'Songs of Childhood: Verses by Eugene Field, Music by Reginald de Koven and Others.' It contains musical settings of twenty of Field's poems, the composers represented besides De Koven being Arthur Foote, G. W. Chadwick, W. W. Gilchrist, Clayton Johns, Gerrit Smith, C. B. Hawley, Hubbard T. Smith, and Edgar S. Kelley. Mr. De Koven contributes nine of the songs, and one of them is marked opus 117 No. 2—a rather startling number for a composer of his age (thirty-seven). The collection as a whole may be commended, the music being usually on a level with the verse.

'Small Songs for Small Singers,' by W. H. Neidlinger (Schirmer), is a collection of unpretentious ditties, with marginal colored pictures that will probably interest the little ones more than the music.

The '"Thumb" Pilgrim's Progress,' contrived for the vest-pocket by Henry Frowde, is singularly legible. The inch-and-a-half-square page amasses 418 without producing a thickness of more than half an inch, including the morocco binding. There are illustrations to boot. This is the sort of vade-mecum which would admirably befit a poetic anthology of shorter poems.

Some years ago the 'Journal of Emily Shore' was noticed in our columns. She died in 1839. We have now a volume of the poems of a sister, Louisa, who survived her fifty-six years (London and New York: John Lane). To the Memoir by her sister Arabella Mr. Frederic Harrison adds an appreciation. Miss Louisa Shore was a lady who lived a secluded life, taking, however, a deep and intelligent interest in the outer world—a type of the best class of English Liberal, Nonconforming womanhood. It is to be regretted that her self-appreciation was so low that she cared to finish but few of her more ambitious attempts. The fragments here given cause us to wish for more. Mr. Harrison's estimate of her is high. (Some of her elegies have been much used in Positivist services.) He says of her that of all the men and women with whom in his literary life he had been thrown, "she, I think, lived the most continuously alone with her own creations." Upon the whole, this little book of high and tender memories is more likely to take its place upon the book-shelves of friends among privately printed memoirs than with the general public. Though a record of advanced achievement and of a matured and finished life, it has not the same general interest as the 'Journal' of the sister Emily.

The editors of the *Philosophical Review* reprint as a supplement the translation of Dr. Adickes's Bibliography of German writings by and on Kant. It is a work of immense size and learning, which, we suppose, no self-respecting philosophical library can afford to be without. Its usefulness is greatly increased by the fact that it contains not merely a list of the various books in their chronological order, but also a brief account and estimate of their contents, which becomes fuller and very serviceable in the case of the most important writings. To give an idea of the magnitude of this monument of German industry, it suffices to state that it extends over 623 closely printed pages (including the index), and mentions 2,832 publications, whose subjects range from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the application of Kantian principles to the Deity to their application to cookery. And yet the bibliography extends at present only to 1804, the year of Kant's death, and the accumulations of another century's pondering on the sage of Königsberg remain to be recorded!

Two youthful, hitherto unpublished poems of Emerson's are the most curious feature of Duprat & Co.'s *Booklover's Almanac* for 1897. Mr. S. P. Avery contributes in facsimile an autograph letter of Disraeli's complaining to his binder that his books would not lie open; together with a sketch of the late William Matthews, our foremost New York binder, whose work is shown in two colored specimens.

In the *New England Magazine* for December Mr. F. B. Sanborn discourses of the various portraits of Emerson. Accompanying his paper is a large number of examples, of the best and of the poorest. The editor desires to return to the subject, and begs to be favored with fresh material for copying.

An entertaining account, by George Kolb, of two hunting trips made by him in 1894-96 in British East Africa is contained in the last number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*. Large game was found in abundance on the eastern slope of Mt. Kenia, where he killed forty-four rhinoceroses in nineteen days, and a companion shot twelve elephants in one morning. A lake was discovered, at an elevation of six thousand feet, in which were numerous hippopotamuses. There are many interesting sketches of the natives, whose confidence Mr. Kolb was singularly successful in winning. He has a good word even for the Masai, the North American Indian of Africa, out of whom the British officials are making efficient soldiers. Among some of the tribes a custom prevails of permitting only the circumcised males to marry. But before a youth can be circumcised he must have killed a man; hence there is constant warfare between tribes, and an overplus of women. A considerable part of the region traversed is very fertile, and the climate is no more dangerous to the health and life of the European than that of Germany—provided that he avoid the use of alcohol.

The latest report of the Missouri Geological Survey contains an essay by C. F. Marbut on the physical features of that State, in which due importance is at last attached to the escarpments by which the lowlands and uplands are separated in various districts. The escarpments are formed by the retreating edges of the more resistant strata, all of which stand at a very gentle inclination. Their front bluff or escarpment is very ragged and uneven, under the long weathering of the atmosphere; beneath the bluffs, weaker underlying strata are worn down to relatively even lower lands; back of the bluffs, the surface of the upland gradually descends with the dip of the controlling stratum to another lowland in the rear. A map illustrates the distribution of these important features, of which the chief are the Bethany escarpment, crossing the northwest corner of the State; the Burlington escarpment, in the southwest corner; and several others near the middle of the eastern border. Special attention is given also to the peculiarly irregular or meandering courses of a number of rivers, concerning which, especially the Osage, there has been some discussion in recent years. The report is well illustrated with photographs and maps.

The Dutch missionary settlement in Formosa in the seventeenth century (1624-1661) was the first enterprise of Protestant missions on a large scale. Within a few years past the English Presbyterians have begun operations in the same region. In addition, they have recovered, both from libraries in the Netherlands and the natives in Formosa, not a few literary relics of the good work which was, in 1661, swept away by the Chino-Japanese pirate, Koxinga. To his handsome publication of Gravius's version of St. Matthew in the Sinkang dialect, with parallel versions in Dutch and English, the Rev. William Campbell now adds a companion volume in like excellent typography, proceeding from the press of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London. It has an introduction of xix

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and text of 199 pages. Mr. Campbell seems to look hopefully upon the Japanese possession of this populous island, while making a plea also for Gospel work among the mountain savages who are likewise head-hunters. The work contains the "Articles of Christian Instruction" with which people in the Reformed Dutch church in America and on other continents are familiar. The text is in the Favorlang dialect, with Dutch and English parallel versions. There are also five sermons, questions on the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, a catechism for those to receive baptism, and a specimen of the dialect of the aborigines at Toa-sia. In reproducing George Psalmanazar's "Dialogue between a Japanese and a Formosan," Mr. Campbell takes occasion to show that the late Professor de Lacouperie's surmise that there existed a native Formosan script of neither Chinese nor European origin is baseless. Psalmanazar's reputation is not improved, though the interest in reading this rare tract is heightened as we see the Japanese of 1896 face to face with these mountain tribes, finding it no easy task to tame them. The vocabulary of the Favorlang dialect is very rich, and, unless we greatly mistake, is of great value not only to intending missionaries but to students of pre-Buddhistic Japanese.

The General Theological Library whose home is at 53 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, seeks a further endowment of $400,000 for its undenominational collection, now more than thirty years in the gathering, and amounting to 14,000 volumes. Perpetual membership by a church enables the pastors for ever to use the library and to draw books without charge. The present rate for this is $100, and there are various rates for founders, associate founders, patrons, etc. The Secretary is L. Farnham.

The death is announced from Copenhagen of Prof. Karl Adolph Verner, the discoverer of the so-called Verner's Law. Prof. Verner was born in Aarhus, Denmark, March 7, 1846. After graduating from the Latin school of his native place, he began the study of the Slavic languages, visiting at different times Germany and Russia. In July, 1875, he made the discovery that was destined to give him an international reputation on its publication two years later in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*. By this he showed that the apparently exceptional change of Indo-European k, t, p to g, d, b respectively was the result of the position of the accent in the original forms. In recognition of the value of this discovery the Berlin Academy granted him the Bopp prize, and the University of Heidelberg gave him the degree of Ph.D. *honoris causa*. For a number of years he was custodian of the University Library at Halle. In 1883 he was appointed Docent in the Slavic Languages at the University of Copenhagen, and five years later he was made Professor Extraordinarius. During the last years of his life Prof. Verner published practically nothing, but devoted himself to his university duties and to the construction of an original apparatus for registering speech sounds with greater accuracy than has hitherto been possible. This instrument is said to be so nearly completed as already to be of great value to investigators.

The two articles on Australasian Government Populistic land experiments in Nos. 1628, 1629 of the *Nation*, based on M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's exposition of the subject in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, evoked some criticism and denials which we forwarded to M. Leroy-Beaulieu. In his reply, just received, he adheres to the correctness of his own statements, and to our own abstract of them, with one unfortunate exception, where we substituted "New Zealand" for "South Australia" in the leading illustration in the first of the above articles.

—"Light in Dark Places" is the title of Jacob A. Riis's contribution to the December *Century*. Only the varied bands of workers in Tenement House Commission, Health Department, or Associated Charity, who through weary years have wrestled with landlord and legislator to clear out New York's human rookeries, clean its streets, and bring within sight the day when, among other reforms, "every child who asks shall find a seat provided for him in the public school, and when that scandal of the age, the mixing of truants and thieves in a jail, shall have finally ceased," can read between the lines of this noble showing of results. But it bears on its face a contradiction of the disgraceful arguments which the negligent citizen is not ashamed to employ, in his own defence, that public work must always be in incompetent or corrupt hands, or that it is of no use to struggle with the politicians. And since, for good or ill, women have determined to have a hand in the vitally important work Mr. Riis describes, it is necessary to reckon with the point of view ably set forth in the "Open Letter" department by Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, who avers that "there can be no doubt that that nation which first adds the well-trained mental powers of its women to the sum total of its intelligence, will add vastly to its power for dealing with all those difficult questions which are pressing for solution." On the literary side of this number Thomas A. Janvier's gracefully written Christmas "Kalends of Provence" is supported by two carols, translated from the Provençal of Roumanille by Mrs. Janvier, and turned again into verse by Edith Thomas and by Margaret Vandegrift.

—Besides E. L. Godkin's "Social Classes in the Republic," the December *Atlantic* contains several papers upon which time may be profitably spent. "Josiah Flynt," in particular, while describing his personal experience of a week in one of the German colonies for the unemployed (started in 1882), touches upon two of the most pregnant sources of perplexity to those who have to deal, from any point of view, with the problems of the unemployed. One is the passion for town life, exemplified by the swarms of Germans who will neither ask for work in the villages they pass through on their tramp from city to city, nor take it from the farmers, who "often bid high for laborers." The other is the total absence of any sense of personal responsibility in men of the class who frequent the colonies, though they know exactly what ails the world and what is needed for its regeneration, repeating in this respect the trait common to tramps, who will "talk for hours at the hang-out camp-fire about what ought to be done to make the world better, and at times with a clearness of perception and earnestness of argument that are unexcelled; but let a little personal introspection or criticism be suggested, and a silence comes over them like that of the graveyard." In the latter observation lies the gist of the ultimate question which the philanthropist who endeavors to work on scientific lines is forced to put to himself: "What shall be done with the man in whom no sense of personal responsibility can be aroused?" Spasmodic and sentimental charity insists upon putting off any reasonable answer; but its finding will be hastened by plain statement of facts such as "Josiah Flynt" hits upon in his voyages of discovery among the human dregs. It is refreshing to find side by side with a study like this last a paper so charming in style and genially ripe in scholarship as Prof. Gildersleeve's "Classical Studies in America," which passes on to the reader part of the pleasure of the writer's recent visit to Greece.

—There is cause for congratulation that in the round half-dozen short stories in *Scribner's* this month not more than a single one has its pages disfigured by the debased jargon which is made to do duty as dialect in so much of the current story-telling, and by means of which the magazines add their quota to the advancing demoralization of the mother-tongue. *Scribner's*, moreover, introduces to its readers, or to such as have not already made his acquaintance through the "Yellow Book" or otherwise, a writer new to magazines on this side of the water, Kenneth Grahame. Mr. Grahame's English, undefiled by New-World associations, forms always part of the charm of his writing, and this sketch of childhood, "The Magic Ring," like those in a former volume, "The Golden Age," is quite subtle and suggestive enough to engage the undivided mind of the adult reader, who will discover under the more academic guise of Miss Repplier's essay, "Little Pharisees in Fiction," a kindred spirit of revolt against accepted methods of bending the twig. Unwholesome Sunday-school literature fares hardly here, and deservedly so, at Miss Repplier's hands. *Cosmo Monkhouse's account of* the late Sir John Millais suffices, with its excellent illustrations, to give an agreeable all-round view of the work of a very agreeable painter, the best achievement of whose pre-Raphaelite period, the "Lorenzo and Isabella," invites, as here reproduced from the original in the Liverpool Art Gallery, a close study.

—The Texas Ranger, arms and the man, is the subject, in *Harper's*, of Frederic Remington's "How the Law got into the Chaparral." A territory where, in the thirties, Texans, Comanches, and Mexicans "chased one another over the plains, and shot and stabbed to find who should inherit the land," afforded a fair field for the stirring escapades which have found here, in one and the same hand, a wide-awake chronicler and spirited illustrator. Mr. Howells, in his turn, proves, as might have been expected, an attractive chronicler of some of the personal traits of Oliver Wendell Holmes. But just which those "fences" were that this genial celebrity, accessible to both friend and stranger, might with advantage have dispensed with, "because God has made enough differences between men" and "we need not trouble ourselves to multiply them," curiosity is piqued to understand. Some of his visitors were unfortunately left unprovided with a capacity to perceive any "fences" whatsoever, so that Dr. Holmes was forced to adopt, when "now and then an insensitive began to trespass," a sliding-scale of dismissal that, as Mr. Howells appreciatively notices, "never failed of its work, and that really saved the author from the effect of intrusion." An illustrated Christmas feature of the number is an abstract, by John Corbin, under the title of "A Middle-English Nativity," of the verse of a Yorkshire mystery-play, with interesting introduction and explanatory notes.

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—The Joint Committee of Congress on the Library have been sitting during the recess, with a view to the adoption of well-settled plans for the removal of the library to its magnificent new building, and its proper development and administration in the new era upon which it will now enter. Last week the committee invited several prominent librarians to appear before them and give expert advice on these matters. Messrs. Brett of Cleveland (President of the American Library Association), Dewey of the New York State Library, Putnam of Boston, Baker of Columbia University, Hayes of Columbus, Ohio (son of the late ex-President Hayes), and Fletcher of Amherst College were examined at length. With some diversities of opinion on minor points, they appear by the reports in the Washington papers to have been in substantial agreement as to the main issues. They urged the importance and necessity of a great enlargement of the official staff of the library, of new and accurate classification and catalogue systems, and of a policy of coöperation with other libraries both in Washington and elsewhere. One point especially dwelt upon was that this library, which must henceforth be rather a great national library than merely the Library of Congress, should be a great bibliographic centre, where inquirers, either in person or by letter, can learn what literature exists on a given subject, and, so far as possible, where the works indicated can be found. It was also urged that every facility should be furnished for the copying, at the expense of inquirers at a distance, of desired chapters or portions from books not easily obtained in the local libraries, and that, under proper restrictions, books from the National Library should be loaned to libraries throughout the country for the use of special students. The committee showed themselves very hospitable to the suggestions of the librarians, and their report, which will be presented to Congress early in the present session, cannot fail to exhibit a more intelligent grasp of the situation, present and future, for this consultation with practical and experienced librarians.

—The country was very fortunate in the appointment of Mr. Crandall to the new office of Superintendent of Documents in the Government Printing-office. He organized his bureau skilfully, he has conducted it usefully, so far as the law allows him to be useful, and he has drafted an act which will very much increase the chance of the country receiving from public documents a return of service somewhat commensurate with their great cost. But perhaps nothing that he has done is so important in its consequences as his commencing in the right form the comprehensive index to the documents which Congress ordered to be issued at the close of each regular session. There are so many ways in which it ought not to be made and in which it was very likely to be made, and the chances were so great that, from the inertia prevalent in public offices, it would, when once started wrong, have gone on wrong for ever, causing us a fresh regret and a fresh sensation of disgust with every new volume, that his choice of the dictionary form and of this particular style of dictionary might well have been mentioned on our late holiday as one of the fit causes of thanksgiving. Mr. Crandall's decision was made, not by chance, but as the result of inquiry and a conviction which shows clearly in his preface. "Any man," he says, "who knows his alphabet and has intelligence enough to find words in a dictionary, can find what he looks for in this book. No table of contents, no index, no side columns, no classification, no chronological or numerical order, no attempts to originate some new and unfamiliar form of catalogue, will here be found to add to the confusion in which the public documents are already enveloped in the public mind."

—The entries are under author and subject, occasionally under title. Special attention appears to have been paid to making the needful cross-references. Mr. Crandall prefers to call this a catalogue rather than a "comprehensive index," as it was termed in the act ordering its publication, because it is a catalogue—that is, a list of papers, not a collection of references to parts of papers. But it is an analytical catalogue—that is, each separate paper in collections like the Proceedings of the National Museum, the Bulletin of the Geological Survey, the Report of the Smithsonian Institution, is duly entered. We hope the superintendent will consider the possibility of employing the linotype, or the monotype, or some similar machine, to make a cumulative index on the plan so successfully inaugurated this year at the Cleveland Public Library, so that the monthly list of documents shall always embrace under subjects as well as authors references to all that has been published up to date from the beginning of the session, and so that when the sessional catalogues become too numerous for ready consultation, they can be combined into one single-alphabet quinquesessional list. It would be a bulky volume. The amount of printing done by our Government is now so enormous that the present catalogue of the issues from March 3, 1893, to June 30, 1895, only two years and a third, has 630 large octavo double-columned pages. It is another instance of woman's advance in the library world that it was compiled under the direction of Miss Edith E. Clarke, to whose energy, skill, and executive ability, says Mr. Crandall, the credit for any favor it may gain will largely be due. It certainly will gain favor, for it is a most creditable piece of work.

—This country does not stand alone in its generally unfortunate attitude toward the destruction of forests. According to the Scandinavian specialist G. Wilhjelm, who published an article on this subject in a recent number of the *Tidsskrift for Skovvæsen*, all the Scandinavian countries except Denmark are confronted with very serious problems in forestry that call for immediate solution. Especially is this true of Norway, which, at the present rate of consumption, will be practically denuded of its forests in sixty or seventy years. The chief causes that threaten a tree famine in Norway are the enormous exports and the domestic use in mills, etc., combined with the lack of definite rules for preserving the old forests and providing for new ones. The Norwegians seem to be almost as extravagant in their use of wood for building and fuel as our own frontiersmen. Norway is one of the few European countries in which wood is largely used for building, in marked contrast to Denmark, where brick and stone are used almost exclusively for this purpose. Wooden fences, too, are frequent in the country districts. But far more serious than the use of wood is its waste. In Denmark even the twigs are gathered for fuel, while in Norway only the best parts of the tree are valued, the discarded parts being left to litter the ground and to interfere with new growth. The young shoots, furthermore, that do succeed in pushing their way through the earth, are too frequently left to the fastidious appetite of horses and sheep. Just as in our northwestern woods, great damage is caused in Norway by forest fires. In 1888 in one district of Norway alone the loss from this cause was estimated at 650,000 kroner ($180,000). Although many laws have been passed by the Norwegian Althing to protect the forests, but little improvement can be noted. These laws are unpopular, because, like so many protective measures passed by legislative bodies all the world over, they lack clearness and definiteness. More successful is the rather Populistic royal resolution authorizing the Norwegian Bank to issue loans on forest lands up to three-tenths of their assessed value. In all three of the northern Scandinavian countries there are regularly appointed forest engineers who give advice on scientific forestry to communes and landowners. Tree-planting by school-children is also encouraged, and, it is thought, with considerable educational results.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An Autobiography, 1834-1858, and a Memoir by his wife, 1858-1894. With a Portrait. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1896.

DISRAELI'S celebrated definition of the critics as "the failures in literature and art" was certainly intended to be ill-natured, but it is, perhaps, worth considering whether these "failures" are not, on the whole, the best possible material of which critics can be made. The first thing required of a critic is surely that he shall have an interest in and a knowledge of the art he is to criticise; and in proportion as his interest is deep will be the likelihood that he will have attempted the practice of this art, while the practice itself will vastly have increased his knowledge of the aims and methods and difficulties of it. If, however, he have the true critical breadth of mind and variety of interests, these very qualities may tend to prevent the concentration of aim and effort necessary to success in the practice of any art. Also, success, if attained, keeps the successful artist too busy to allow of his devoting much time to criticism, even if he were thoroughly fitted for it by nature. The ideal critic would possibly be a thoroughly successful artist who should have mastered his craft without narrowing his mind, and who should then give up its practice for the sake of formulating its theory; but such men are not to be found. The criticism of successful artists is often of the greatest value, but it is generally fragmentary. The best of all critics of painting, Fromentin, was greater as a writer than as a painter, though he cannot be called a failure in his art. He is almost a unique example, and in general the "failures" in art are the only persons possessing at once the necessary knowledge and the necessary leisure to write well and at length of it.

Such a man was Philip Gilbert Hamerton. It is true that he protests against such a classification, saying:

"I have been sometimes represented as an unsuccessful painter who took to writing because he had failed as an artist. It is, of course, easy to state the matter so, but the exact truth is that a very moderate success in either literature or art would have been equally acceptable to me, so that there has been no other failure in my life than the usual one of not being able to catch two hares at the

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same time. Very few dogs have ever been able to do that."

The difference is, however, merely one of statement. His literary ambition was of equal date with his artistic, but the literature he then contemplated was not criticism, but poetry. The failure of his volume of poems turned him toward painting, and it was, avowedly, as a painter that he began to write art criticism—witness his essay, "That Certain Artists Should Write on Art." What was the exact measure of his failure in painting we have no means of judging. He published a few etchings, which are feeble and amateurish; but his pictures were uniformly refused at exhibitions, and are unknown and inaccessible. From the time he wrote 'A Painter's Camp' his books were almost uniformly successful, and literature became more and more the business of his life. He wrote two or three novels and some books of a literary and semi-philosophical nature; but his interest in painting and his struggles to master its technical difficulties made the criticism of art his natural field, and his permanent place in the literature of the world, as far as his place may be permanent, will be that of an art critic.

As a critic of painting and the other graphic arts his influence was great and undoubtedly salutary. He would have been the last man in the world to assume that the function of the critic is the instruction of the artist, and he never fell into the vein of Mr. Ruskin, who was fond of telling young painters what they should do. Neither had he Ruskin's dangerous eloquence, which often persuaded young artists, Mr. Hamerton himself among the number, to do as he told them. Hamerton confined himself to the critic's true rôle of interpreter of the artist to the public, and for this office he had many qualifications besides the essential one of considerable practical knowledge of art. Even his limitations and defects were in a manner part of his effectiveness. Take, for instance, his style. It is a model of simplicity and lucidity, and has a certain elegance and charm. So clear is it that its possessor complains somewhere that it prevented his having any reputation in England for profundity, it being an English idea that a clear writer is a shallow one. It is without passion, or warmth of coloring, or brilliancy of fancy, as cold as it is clear—the style of a well-educated, gentlemanly person, not that of a poet or a rhapsodist. It can hardly be doubted that this is the style best calculated to carry conviction to the people for whom he wrote. Its air of cool reasonableness and well-bred abstention from extremes was for the cultivated Englishman or American a guarantee that here was the utterance of a sensible person like himself, not of an æsthete or a crank; and such a reader was prepared to accept doctrines entirely new to him which, if given in a more colored manner, he might have taken for pernicious nonsense.

The style was a true reflection of the mind. It was the mind of a cultivated man, broadened by a deep interest in art and by long residence abroad and the study of foreign languages and customs, yet, in many respects, essentially the mind of an English country gentleman. The English love of the open air and wild country, and of some of the forms of sport, and the English love of antiquity and respectability and comfort, always remained with him. Indeed, the love of wild nature was much stronger in him than the love of art, and was the dominating factor in his choice of landscape-painting as a profession. He resented being told that he was not a genius, saying that he never pretended to be one. He was not a specially profound or original thinker, and had no horror of the commonplace, being willing to say over and over again those simple and true things which it is essential that people should know, but which it is very tiresome to teach them. He felt profoundly that two and two do make four, and was willing to reiterate the truth without bothering himself or his readers with supersubtle doubts as to the nature of two and of four. He had that great love for detail and processes and apparatus which is generally one of the marks of the amateur, but which was most useful in enabling him to estimate the effect of technical considerations on the substance of art. In a word, he was just enough of an artist to understand the artist's point of view, and just enough of an outsider to know what the outsider wants and needs to be told, and how to tell it him with the least shock to his feelings or trouble to his understanding. To the artist his placidly flowing prose seems often irritating in its abundance of platitude and truism; but the truism of the artist is for the Philistine sometimes a startling paradox, and it is fortunate for the popular comprehension of art in England and America that an interpreter should have been found with just that combination of qualities and limitations which Hamerton possessed. He probably did more than any other man to counteract the teaching of Ruskin, and to spread abroad that "knowledge of what art is" that Goethe considered a fortunate possession for youth; and this distinction he would have considered amply sufficient.

Mr. Hamerton believed that no one could so properly write his Life as he himself, as no one else could so well know the facts of it. This is certainly true of the earlier part of it, the account of his childhood and youth. He had carried the work only to the time of his marriage when he laid down the pen for ever, and it was taken up by his wife, who furnishes a memoir which completes the volume. The truth of his life from that time on is, naturally, almost as well known to her as to himself, and we have the advantage of a point of view a little removed from his own. By slight things vividly remembered — things which he would hardly have thought worthy of mention—we are given an insight into the habits and nature of the man. The combination produces as nearly as may be an ideal form of biography, though, of course, it excludes any critical estimate of the work and influence of the man commemorated.

The earliest chapters of the book are somewhat depressing. Philip Gilbert Hamerton was born on the 10th of September, 1834, at Laneside, near Shaw, in Lancashire. His family was a very old one, a fact which he never forgot, but his father was a lawyer of somewhat dissipated habits, who married, without the consent of her mother, a young woman who died a few weeks after the birth of their son. This calamity threw the father back upon the bad habits he had abandoned, and he slowly drank himself to death after rendering his son's life miserable for some years. For most of the time during his father's life, and altogether after his death, young Hamerton was under the tutelage of a maiden aunt, who seems to have been a most estimable and lovable person, but was perhaps not always the best guide for a boy. He led, however, much the life of other English boys of his class, and his school experiences furnished him with some of the material for 'Harry Blount'—a book, by the way, the writing of which is, singularly enough, nowhere mentioned. He had a passion for poetry and for outdoor life, and a decent property which was afterwards lost. His father had expressly forbidden his becoming a lawyer, and he was at first expected to go through Oxford and become a clergyman; but conscientious scruples, aided by reaction from the teaching of a narrow and bigoted clerical "coach," forbade this course. He had not, at this time, to consider the necessity of earning a living, and so drifted naturally into landscape-painting and literature. In 1855 he published, at his own expense, 'The Isles of Loch Awe, and Other Poems,' and the failure of this volume discouraged him so completely that for some time he deserted literature and devoted himself entirely to art. Even when he returned to literature again, in 'A Painter's Camp,' it was, at first, with the idea of contributing to his reputation as a painter.

It has often been said that every young painter should have a competence of his own, and it often seems that the poor man who attempts the career of art loses much valuable time in the mere struggle for existence. Yet it may be doubted if Hamerton's little fortune was an unmixed benefit to him as a painter, though it may have helped to make him a critic. In the first place, it prevented his being taken seriously by those to whom he applied for advice, and so prevented his having the right instruction at the right time. No artist who saw him "riding a good horse" would believe that he wanted more than the kind of lessons given to the usual wealthy amateur. In the second place, it enabled him to satisfy all his whims and to live without work, so that he spent endless time contriving camping outfits and boats and apparatus and systems of note-taking, when the practical work of scene-painting and book-illustrating of the young Turner would have been infinitely more to the purpose; and to live away from cities, which he hated, but which are the only places where the trade of painting can be learned.

Even more fatal to his hopes was the influence of John Ruskin, then at its height. Ruskin convinced him that the observation and strict imitation of nature in all its detail was the one thing needful, and that all artistic tradition was hurtful and wrong. No one told him that the study of the figure was the one initiation to all art; no one taught him to see or to paint. His master, an obscure but conscientious artist, only taught him to copy his own works and to draw contours with rigid truth to measurement. With no training but that of a topographical draughtsman, he went off and set himself face to face with the most difficult country in the world, the highlands of Scotland, and spent years trying to paint from nature where the effect is not constant for two minutes, and to combine pre-Raphaelite detail and literalness with a rendering of nature's most splendid and most fleeting moments. The effort was bound to end in failure. He confesses that his wife, a French lady whom he had met in Paris in 1855, and whom he married and brought to Scotland in 1858, had more real sympathy with and knowledge of art at that time than he, and she reports how he used to bring her the most painfully minute and labored studies, only to be met with the remark that, "if it were true, it did not look so to me, since it produced none of the sensations of the natural scene. 'You would like me to exaggerate, then?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered, 'if that is the way to make it *look* true.'"

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The labor of these years made the 'Painter's Camp' a successful book, but, as training in art, the only result was to convince him that Ruskin was wrong, and to teach him the difference between art and nature. As a critic the lesson was invaluable to him, but it came too late to make him a painter. He lost his property, and had to work for his support and that of his family. His book had made him a name as a writer, while his pictures would not sell, and a professional writer he became and remained, though he never gave up trying to paint. It was because he had first failed as an artist that he became a good critic.

Having dwelt on that part of Hamerton's life which had the greatest share in making him what he was, the rest may be passed in review more rapidly. In 1861 he went to reside in France, first at Sens and afterward near Autun. It will prove a surprise to many that his eminently sane and wholesome books were produced with such mental strain as to occasion a painful nervous disorder, which, until near the end of his life, was always brought on by railway travel, so that he was forced to live in partial seclusion and far from books and galleries—a great handicap in his work. In his last years he was able to stand travel and the life of cities better, and he removed to the outskirts of Paris. He died suddenly of heart disease on the 4th of November, 1894.

The book is well printed and contains a well-executed photogravure portrait, which shows a far stronger and finer head than the engraved portrait published with Hamerton's 'Portfolio Papers.'

RECENT POETRY.

PIERRE RONSARD, whom Mary Queen of Scots crowned as Apollo, and whom the French critics of his day ranked as the third poet of the universe, said that poetry, being the language of the gods, should not be lightly attempted by men, and that only the inspired should venture on it at all. This opinion is doubtless shared by all poets, and they vary mainly in their classification of the inspired; as when Southey ranked himself above all his contemporaries, and Matthew Arnold placed himself before Browning and Tennyson. Unfortunately this same variation extends to the judgment of critics; and all the effort of what is called scientific criticism has yet gone no farther than to lay down a few very simple rules, all of which, according to Thoreau, the poet straightway proceeds to violate with impunity. There are grades in poets, but what contemporary shall do the grading? Where, for instance, shall we class Rudyard Kipling? In taking up his new volume, 'The Seven Seas' (Appleton), the reader feels at first a thrill from the sonorous title; then recognizes that there is here a stronger claimant than Sir Edwin Arnold to the name once bestowed on the latter by an admirer, "The Poet of the Drum-beat of Empire." Never equalling Arnold in the felicity of some of his Indian ballads, Kipling incomparably surpasses him in vigor, in resonance, and (though this is harder) in the honest brag which is inseparable from the theme, and which Americans do not grudge to their elder brothers. Then, as a singer of sea marvels and mysteries, Kipling stands alone; and this is a more real power than lay in the questionable Anglo-Orientalism in which his muse had birth. He has also shown his power, as in "Danny Deever," to touch the universal human heart. It is of this last, however, that one feels the want in this volume, with all its superb quality. Kipling is always, of course, "virile," but there is no word of cant in the criticism of the day more perilous than this. We need to remind ourselves every day that mere strength is not enough; it is not the supreme quality to be virile alone—every hod carrier is that, and is indeed very likely to surpass in brute force the architect whose plans he carries out. There are moments in reading the first half of this volume, and a great many more in turning over the second half, when we seem to be listening to a voice originally fine, but beginning to be broken and hoarsened by too much singing on board ship, for the delight of the forecastle, through wind and fog. We are tempted to ask ourselves whether Lablache can ship as a boatswain without spoiling his organ.

Then the book is half filled with the old barrack-room material, with odds and ends from Tommy Atkins's haversack. Even Mr. Atkins's dialect grows tiresome; one can have enough of "Gawd" and "bloomin'" and "poor beggars." We remember, too, that we are taking on trust the whole of this Anglo-Indian soldier-slang; and is it all quite genuine? It is well known that old Californians never admitted Bret Harte's local coloring to be authentic, and that Mr. Harte himself used to express a lively contempt for all that sort of thing as offered by Joaquin Miller. Mr. Kipling, it must be remembered, is now venturing perilously near us, and we cannot help testing his native dialect by his handling of our own. When we find him putting a Babel of mixed Americanisms into the mouth of Cape Ann fishermen, in his new story 'Captains Courageous'; when we find him making them say "a heap better" and "plumb distracted" and "twist round a piece"—phrases as unsuited to his heroes as would be palms and pomegranates on the East Gloucester downs—one is led to ask whether his Hindustani vernacular is any better. We have the testimony to the contrary of that exceedingly keen and cool Oriental, the Swami Vivekananda, who habitually shrugged his shoulders at the mention of Mr. Kipling's name. He pointed out that the very title of his spirited poem, "Gunga Din," was an utter misnomer, being, indeed, an impossible combination, the one word being Hindu and the other Mohammedan; and, moreover, that no Hindu would serve as a water-carrier to Christians. Mr. Kipling, at any rate, must be judged at last not merely by his vast vocabulary, but by his staying power, and of this he has given us as yet no final proof. For immediate and startling effects he stands unrivalled.

A similar question of grading arises in the case of another sea-loving poet, quite unlike Mr. Kipling, namely, Celia Thaxter, whose collected poems (Appledore Edition—Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) have the attraction which will always belong to the work of a person of rare and gifted nature, limited in both temperament and experience, and beset by the double disadvantage of alternate repression and flattery. It shows an innate strength of character that she rose above both of these, and extracted a really generous and beautiful life out of such drawbacks. Her poetry is like the flowers of the island she loved—a scanty yield, yet taking richer tints and deeper fragrance from the tonic neighborhood of the salt air. She knew all the New England literati of her time, yet it is not apparent that she was much influenced by any; certainly not by Lowell, whom she knew best. She showed rather more of the religious atmosphere of Whittier, whom she copied in the simple ballad measure which they both liked, and also in the strong inclination for a superfluous final verse conveying the moral. There is, indeed, in many of these verses a degree of dilution which brings them perilously near to the commonplace; and it is a curious fact that her first published poem, "Landlocked," printed by Lowell in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and here placed at the head of the volume, is incomparably the most artistic thing she ever achieved, and, as such, though no longer a novelty, is always worth quoting.

The poetical part of 'W. V., Her Book and Various Verses,' by William Canton (Stone & Kimball), is not, perhaps, so very much better than other people's poetry; or, if it is, it is so distinctly outshone by the prose part that it has no chance. The title, too, is enigmatical, but the delineation of the actual child known by the unexplained initials is simply the most charming portrayal of a child's life since 'Pet Marjorie.' Such a warm, delicious, original little bit of unspoiled existence would reach many hearts, were it but known; and her unflinching blunders cheer the heart of man. "Of course she wanted a story; I might have anticipated as much. Well, there was King Robert the Bruce, who was saved by a spider from his enemies when they were seeking his life. 'And if they had found him, would they have sworded off his head? Really, father? Like Oliver Crumball did Charles King's?' Her grammar was defective, but her surmises were beyond dispute: They would" (p. 7). Thus W. V. is followed through "Her Birthday," "Her Book," "Her Friend Littlejohn," and "Her Bedtime"; and though her loving papa is not without a touch of poetic fire, especially in his seaside ballads, yet he has chosen to celebrate a daughter who outshines him, and he must take the consequences.

It is a far cry from 'W. V.' to Mr. Riley, but the latter's 'Child-World' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill) is another venture in that direction where he has been so successful, having really struck out a path as new and fresh as was marked in Whittier's 'Snow Bound,' than which it is indeed much more daring. Whittier gives a prose idyl of old-time New England life; but Mr. Riley gives Hoosier child-life, and this in dialect—a series of what it is now the fashion to call "human documents"; the tales told by the children themselves, the stories narrated to them, and the varying personality of the narrators. The dialect is sometimes as puzzling to the uninitiated as that of Uncle Remus, but Mr. Riley gives us, like Uncle Remus, a perfectly delineated group with its surroundings; and the respective characters, such as Bud and Lauretty and the Hired Man, are as real as if we had seen them.

The issue of two volumes of 'Elizabethan Sonnet-cycles,' by Martha Foote Crowe (Chicago: McClurg), is a well-meant enterprise, and is, moreover, on its own plan, well executed, the accuracy of proof-reading being especially commendable. The trouble is, that the plan adopted is neither the one thing nor the other. Any such reprint of an old author must be either scholarly or popular. This series cannot be called scholarly, because all the spelling is modernized, a thing not now approved of by scholarship. Nor is it popularized, because for this there would be needed a whole apparatus of notes and elucidations, whereas the editor gives only one or two, thus conceding the necessity, but not answering the demand. This omission is the more noticeable as the material was in most cases ready for the editor's use in previous critical editions.

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The four series of poems selected are Samuel Daniel's "Delia," Henry Constable's "Diana," Thomas Lodge's "Phillis," and Giles Fletcher's "Licia." Let us take the last for example. The work had been previously edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart in his "Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library" (vol. iii., 1871), a book doubtless easily accessible in the great Chicago libraries, though not cited by the editor. Grosart reproduces the original spelling, and adds notes to the peculiar or obsolete words. Now there happens to occur in "Licia" one of the most singular verbal whims to be found in an Elizabethan writer, and one which, glaring as it is, has been ignored by all the great lexicographers until Murray, and is left unexplained even by him. The poet twice uses the word "ebon" with reversed meaning, to signify white instead of black. In praising a beautiful woman he speaks of her "ebon hands" (p. 122) and her "ebon thighs" (p. 112). Neither the Century Dictionary nor Stormont's alludes to this strange usage, still less any of their predecessors; it is only in the latest volume of Murray that we find the fact even noted, and he offers no explanation. Nor has any been offered except by Prof. G. L. Kittredge of Harvard University, who suggests that the word may have been originally written "eburn" from *ebur*, ivory, as in Ovid's *eburnea brachia*. Now here was an instance of a required and even indispensable footnote. Grosart gives a note saying "ebon, ivory, not ebony (black): a noticeable occurrence of the word" (iii., 109), after which plain fingerpost any following editor should at least have pointed out the strange usage; yet the present editor does not even mention it. For the sonnet-series themselves, they will always be interesting to students, were it only from their extreme irregularities of form, making it only the more remarkable that Shakspere and Milton should have achieved the standards of regularity they had. To recur to the spelling, it is true that Arber, in his 'English Garner,' reprints with modernized spelling some of these very sequences as well as others, such as "Drilla," "Cœlia," and "Idea"; but the example is a poor one, and it is much better to follow that of Grosart and also of Pollard in his edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," the forerunner and exemplar of all this whimsical race of books.

'English Epithalamies,' edited by Robert H. Case (London: Lane; Chicago: McClurg), is a book which does in an extremely careful and scholarly manner a task which was perhaps hardly worth doing, the collecting of English marriage poems, largely Elizabethan. Most of these are simply Catullus hammered out into rhyme and a little coarsened; while some of them, as those of Spenser, Jonson, Chapman, and Donne, give us finer and more poetic touches. Many, however, are hardly more than the old-time fescennine verses; and the thorough and discriminating historical preface of the editor is perhaps the best part of the book.

Another of the Bodley Head anthologies is 'Musa Piscatrix,' by John Buchan, including many well-known poems and others hardly worth knowing, with illustrations by E. Philip Pimlott; these last adding but little to the attractions—we might say the professional attractions—of the volume. A newer and fresher outdoor book is 'Haunts of Wild Game,' by Isaac McLellan (New York: C. B. Bradford), a little collection of poems by that fine old veteran sportsman whose 'Poems of the Rod and Gun' has been heretofore reviewed in these columns, and who now, at the age of ninety, sends forth another volume of the same kind. He is a native of Portland, Me., a townsman and lifelong friend of Prof. Longfellow and N. P. Willis, and now resides at Greenport, Long Island. He is a cousin of the late James Freeman Clarke, and pictures of Mr. McLellan at sixty and at ninety show that he is a worthy compeer of that excellent man in the vigor of his old age. The outdoor quality of his poems is fresh and simple, while their poetic execution is fair.

Another well-edited English anthology is 'Book-Verse: An Anthology of Poems of Books and Bookmen, from the Earliest Times to Recent Years,' prepared by W. Roberts for the "Bookhunters' Library" (Armstrong). The introduction and notes are excellent. The crowning and admirable bit of work in this direction, however, must be sought in 'The Treasury of American Sacred Song,' with notes explanatory and biographical, selected and edited by W. Garrett Holder, and published in the beautiful typography of the Oxford University Press (London and New York: Frowde). American authors have grown so accustomed to "a younger brother's portion" in the way of English criticism that it must give them at once a sense of honor to receive such careful and appreciative recognition, and a sense of shame that the same thing has never been done nearly so well in this country. With a corps of friendly advisers and assistants on both sides of the ocean, and with the British Museum at his elbow, Mr. Holder has achieved a book not only of exquisite execution, but almost absolutely free from error. In all the details given, we note but two or three points of fact needing correction. Mr. Holder mentions with approval, on his very first page, "the remark of Colonel Higginson to Matthew Arnold," namely, the phrase which the latter disapproved, about the "one drop more of nervous fluid" in the American. This was not, however, a remark made to Mr. Arnold, but one which occurred in Col Higginson's essay called "The Murder of the Innocents" ('Out-Door Papers,' p. 101), where it appeared, curiously enough, as the basis of a physiological warning, though Mr. Arnold interpreted it as a piece of boasting. Again, it is not correctly stated (p. 354) that Emily Dickinson's manuscript poems were "written in continuous lines, like prose"; this having rarely, though occasionally, happened. The mistake perhaps grew out of the fact that she frequently, in her letters, passed abruptly from prose to verse, but always marking the distinction in the lines. Again, it is rather a pity to perpetuate (as on p. 355) the phrase "Helen Hunt Jackson," as no woman would have less liked to bear simultaneously the names of two husbands. Nor can we always agree with the editor's criticism, as where he speaks of the "Psalm of Life" as one of the "least worthy" poems of Longfellow. It was an early poem, of course, and one of the least ambitious, intellectually speaking; but its high moral purpose, its simplicity, and its wide influence must surely take it out of the category to which Mr. Holder assigns it. The criticism is more unexpected from the fact that more pages of this volume are naturally given to Whittier than to any one else. The editor's general tone is, however, modest and courteous. The book has the further merit of interpreting its title very widely, and recalls sometimes the liberal theory of those who hold that we should hear only sacred music on Sunday, but that all good music is sacred.

Another valuable book from England is the second volume of Mr. Arthur S. Way's translation of Euripides (Macmillan). We ventured, some time since, to criticise the first volume for what seemed a somewhat jaunty attempt to render the stately choruses into vivacious English verse, thus often suggesting a comparison with Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon,' than which few things are really less Greek. We find the same fault now, but greatly diminished in degree, perhaps designedly, perhaps because we have grown used to it; and we still observe an occasional use of unusual Scotch and other unfamiliar words, as (on p. 41) "a scaur to ascend," whereas only those who remember their "Young Lochinvar" will know what a scaur is. But in all else the translation is really admirable; and better still is the preface on "Euripides and his Work," which for the first time vindicates the great man, of whom Professor Moulton has said that he has been "next to Shakspere the best abused poet in literature." Mr. Way shows that Euripides, instead of being inferior to his great rivals Æschylus and Sophocles, was really their superior in what most touches modern humanity, in uttering the sentiment of sympathy from man to man, and in assigning true dignity and worth to woman. It is strange, indeed, that because of phrases he has put into the mouths of cynics, he should pass for a misogynist, when he introduced into the dramatic literature of the world four such noble feminine types as Alcestis, Iphigeneia, Makaria, and Polyxena. Goethe always maintained that Aristophanes, with his wicked wit, had permanently impaired the fame of Euripides; but Mr. Way has done all that one man can do to reclaim it.

A less satisfactory book of English translations is one which looks at first glance most attractive, and which wins American regard by its dedication to that friend of scholars Professor Norton. It is entitled 'Dante, Petrarch, Camoens, CXXIV Sonnets, translated by Richard Garnett, LL.D.' (Copeland & Day). The translator has earned the gratitude of many of our students as librarian of the British Museum, and he has also published a volume of his own poems; so that this set of versions plainly represents the solace and amusement of his life. That is well; but all experience shows that a translator must be born rather than made, and in dealing with sonnets by the picked sonnetteers of the world there is needed a rare combination of gifts. Of these, especially in the case of Petrarch, the sense of beauty in execution must rank almost first; nothing since the gems of Greek literature has required it more. It is in this sense that Mr. Garnett does not seem to us sufficiently strong; nor do his versions keep closely enough to the literal to vindicate in that way—if that can be a vindication—the æsthetic defect. This criticism can be vindicated only by taking some well-known instance, and considering it rather in detail. The following sonnet, describing an imaginary interview with Laura in heaven, is among the most celebrated. It is a defect in Mr. Garnett's arrangement that he does not give, as is usual, the first line of the original, which is in this case *Levommi il mio pensier in parte ov' era*. This is his translation (p. 83):

Exalted by my thought to regions where
I found whom earthly quest hath never shown,
Where Love hath rule 'twixt fourth and second zone;
More beautiful I found her, less austère.
Clasping my hand, she said, "Behold the sphere
Where we shall dwell, if Wish hath truly known.
I am who wrung from thee such bitter moan;
Whose sun went down ere Evening did appear.
My bliss, too high for man to understand.
Yet needs thee, and the veil that so did please,
Now unto dust for briefest season given."
Why ceased she speaking? Why withdrew her hand?
For rapt to ecstasy by words like these,
Little I wanted to have stayed in Heaven.

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Comparing this with the Italian, we note at once a cumbrous and mechanical substitution of "'twixt fourth and second zone" for the simple *terzo cerchio* of the original. The image "whose sun went down" and the phrase "rapt to ecstasy" are both additions, and trite ones. The participle "clasping" is far less simple and vigorous than the preterite *Per man mi prese*, as is the plural "we shall dwell" than the direct appeal, *Sarai ancor meco*, while the similar appeal *Te solo aspetto* would be far better left in the first person than linked to another subject: it is not merely her bliss which lacks him, but she who looks for him. "Wish hath truly known" is an awkward phrase; and "wish" really renders *desir* with no nearer accuracy than the word "hope" would have attained. We have taken this sonnet quite at random, but it illustrates the point with which we began, that Mr. Garnett is an honest and laborious but by no means heaven-born translator.

'Songs of Exile,' by Herbert Bates (Copeland & Day), is another of the pretty little "Oaten Stop" series, and speaks the longing for the shore and the seaside of one banished to the prairies; Mr. Bates being now, as we understand, a resident of Nebraska, but a Harvard graduate of 1890. There is a good deal of salt air in the poems, the best of which is perhaps this (p. 34):

SEA GULLS.

Whence come the white gulls that sail,
That flutter, and sink, and sail?
Their red beaks flash and glitter,
Their wide wings droop and trail.

They follow the sea-tide's call,
They troop, at the sea-tide's call,
Over the wide sea-spaces
And along the dark sea-wall.

Along the dark sea steep,
By the black cliffs, bare and steep,
They flutter, and fall, and scream,
They drift slow-winged in sleep.

They wander and brighten and gleam
As the wind-clouds shift and gleam—
Souls of sea-winds that wander
In a mist-encircled dream.

'Songs of the South' (Philadelphia: Lippincott) is a collection of Southern (United States) poets, from the colonial times until now, edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke of the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, and prefaced with a few judicious words by Joel Chandler Harris. There is not much of critical spirit in the selection, and the best of the poems are well known; Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn" and Ticknor's "Little Giffen" standing easily at the head. The net is thrown widely, as is usually the case in all local collections—including, for instance, Poe, who was born in Boston, was educated in Virginia, and resided everywhere; Pike and Prentice, who were born at the North, but spent their lives at the South; and Allston, who was born in Charleston, S. C. The editor's account of him is the only instance we notice that looks like straining the point for a favorable showing. Miss Clarke merely says that he was "educated at the North on account of his health, and spent much time abroad" (page 317). That he left South Carolina in early boyhood; that he dwelt most of his life in Massachusetts, being there twice a husband and twice a widower; that his studio was in Cambridgeport, and that he was buried by torchlight in Old Cambridge—these are rather important facts to overlook. Out of his sixty-four years of life Allston spent in all but fifteen in Europe. The general fairness of the book, however, indicates that this partial misrepresentation of the facts was unintentional.

There is a steady supply, from what may be called the Bryan region of the country, of poetic volumes which have a certain promise and a certain pathos. There is in them a genuine love of nature, with a fair amount of local coloring in that respect. There is a good deal of the romance of domestic antiquity; of The Old Farm, and The Clock that Father Used to Wind. There is also a good deal of James Whitcomb Riley. There is much of encouragement in them, however, to the patriotic and patient spirit, which is checked only when they occasionally strike a false note and indulge in rhapsodies about "dead Guénivere" and "a glove of mauve." One of the best of these books is 'Showers and Sunshine,' by Will T. Hale (Memphis, Tenn.: Gayoso; but printed and bound in Boston). Not so good, though more pretentious, is the latest work of the inexhaustible Mr. Cawein, 'The Garden of Dreams,' (Louisville, Ky.: Morton). Mr. Cawein is a shade less imitative than in his earlier volumes, but neither time nor criticism has done much to prune down such amazing turgidity as this (pp. 80–81):

How good to kiss her throat and hair,
And say no word! Her throat was bare
As some moon-fungus white and fair.

. . . . . .

Had God or Fiend assigned this hour
That bloomed—where love had all of power—
The senses' aphrodisiac flower?

The dawn was far away. Nude night
Hung savage stars of sultry white
Around her bosom's Ethiop light;

and so on indefinitely. As a rule, the Atlantic States do not produce this sort of thing; their weak point is in an affectation of the boulevards, with French phrases and opera-box flirtations. 'Beaux and Belles,' by Arthur Griscom (Putnams), and 'Love and Laughter,' by the late James G. Burnett (Putnams)—the latter with a preface by William Winter—are favorable examples, but the 'Poems' of the late H. C. Bunner (Scribners) of course stand at the head, though the best in this kind are but shadows. A single poem, "Shriven" (p. 240), remains as a solitary instance of what this last author might, perhaps, have accomplished had his career not come to a climax as editor of *Puck*. It is the meditations of a mediæval knight after he has been shriven and is left to die in peace; his vain efforts to lift his mind from the well-trodden paths of exceedingly secular memories, culminating at last with a sigh of regret that his dog is not with him for companionship. In terseness, vigor, and dramatic quality it could scarcely have been bettered by Browning.

'A Quiet Road,' by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has that calm, lily-scented atmosphere which always belongs to this lady's poems; she knows how to make the most of what we have that is colonial and picturesque; and this is done without straining or affectation. She even takes pains to explain in a footnote that the "Dorset levels" in the poem which follows are not transatlantic, but are only on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and that she has therefore a full right to dwell on them and theirs (p. 57):

THE LAVENDER WOMAN—A MARKET SONG.

Crooked, like the bough the March wind bends wall-
ward across the sleet,
Stands she at her blackened stall in the loud market
street;
All about her in the sun, full-topped, exceeding sweet,
Lie bundles of gray lavender, a-shrivel in the heat.

What the Vision that is mine, coming over and o'er?
'Tis the Dorset levels, aye, behind me and before:
Creeks that slip without a sound from flaggy shore to
shore;
Orchards gnarled with springtimes and as gust-bound
as of yore.

Oh, the panes at sunset burning rich-red as the rose!
Oh, colonial chimneys that the punctual swallow
knows!
Land where like a memory the salt scent stays or
goes,
Where wealthy is the reaper and right glad is he that
sows

Drips and drips the last June rain, but toward the even-
fall
Copper gleam the little pools behind the pear-trees
tall:
In a whirl of violet, and the fairest thing of all,
The lavender, the lavender sways by the sagging wall.

. . . . . .

Oh, my heart, why should you break at any thoughts
like these?
So sooth are they of the old time that they should
bring you ease;
Of Hester in the lavender and out among the bees,
Clipping the long s'alks one by one under the Dorset
trees.

'Heart Songs,' by Rachel B. McMullen (Worcester: The Author), is a modest little book, plaintive and affectionate rather than inspired. 'Bohemian Legends, and Other Poems,' by F. P. Kopta (Jenkins), has a grim and patriotic rather than a poetic and pleasurable interest; and that it should have reached a second edition within two years shows how varied our national ingredients are becoming. In the same way the translated 'Poems of Johanna Ambrosius' (Boston: Roberts Bros.) have an astonishing personal interest as the work of a German peasant woman, but are not in themselves eminently attractive. 'Ballads of New Jersey in the Revolution,' by Charles D. Platt (Morristown: The Jerseyman Print) belong in the historical rather than the poetic alcove. In the way of new charade-books there are 'A New Book of Charades,' by Katharine I. Sanford (White), and '96 Charades,' by Norman Gray (Lamson). These, like all the rest, travel in the path of Mr. Bellamy's well-known 'Century of Charades,' of which a second series also appears (Houghton); but, after all, it is one of those cases where Eclipse is first and the rest nowhere. 'Notes and Half-Notes,' by Frank E. Sawyer (Putnams), are largely poems of music, and not without merit as such. 'Echoes from the Mountains,' by C. E. D. Phelps (Putnams), has some good outdoor description, yet is at its best in the following (p. 45):

EPITHALAMIUM.

Here ends all art, all artificers end:
Come ye, look thro' our little golden loop;
Here is the best that heaven to earth did send,
Here is the bond of love, and joy, and hope;
The soldier's laurel, poet's bay, down fling,
Take up this tiny wreath, the marriage ring.

The double-bow, which heralds sunny weather,
The shining halo of the rising day,
Th' equator smooth, which binds the world together,
The chaplet fair, that rounds the brow of May,
A diadem by meanest mortals owned,
Who rightly wears thee, sits a king enthroned.

Let but a slender finger swift pass thro' thee,
And all delights shall follow in its train.
Hold fast by this, and woe may not undo thee,
That brave ring-armor blunts the edge of pain.
Gentles, but hearken to the minstrel's voice,
And ye shall ne'er repent, but aye rejoice.

'A Book of Old English Ballads,' with an accompaniment of decorative drawing by George Wharton Edwards and an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie (Macmillan), is a really charming gift-book of the very best of the old English and Scotch ballads, unaccountably omitting, however, the most tender and touching among them all, "Annie Lochroyan." The selection and introduction have the average excellence of Mr. Mabie's literary work; but the drawings, though always decorative and sometimes ingenious, exhibit in all the faces an indescribable modernness of expression which removes them by centuries from the period whose costumes they wear. Mr. John Todhunter, on the other side, transfers us to the domain of Irish legend, which he uses very effectively in 'Three Irish Bardic Tales,' being metrical versions of the tales known as the Three Sorrows of Story-Telling (London: Dent; Chicago: Way & Williams). Were it not that Aubrey de Vere had preceded him with "The Swans of Lir" and Dr. Joyce with "Deidré," these myths would be distinct additions to the poetic treasury of

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the world; nor are they without merits and charms, even as it is.

'Under Quicken Boughs,' by Nora Hopper (New York: The Bodley Head), gives us another example of that Celtic strain which is adding so pure and delightful a freshness to recent English poetry; and the author constantly recalls Mr. Yeats—the prince of all this class of rhymers—in the utter freedom with which she handles all the picturesque properties and enigmatical names of Irish fairy mythology. The Shee and the Fomorah and Miscann Many and the Ceol-Sidhe are as familiar to this writer as if she had been cradled among them, as very likely she was; and the mystic dancers come and go through the air and call the living to join them as in Yeats's bewildering lays. So attractive does she make it all that the latter half of the book, with its Greek and Norse legends, seems comparatively remote and unattractive, and we wish to get back to the society of Fiachra and the Dinny Math. It is all very much like O'Brien's 'Diamond Lens,' or Goethe's 'Melusina,' where you peep through a keyhole and discern a semi-human world.

If one wishes to turn from the robust—one might perhaps use *Hamlet's* word "robustious"—muse of Kipling to a more profoundly imaginative and thoughtful strain, he will find it in Victor Plarr, whose 'In the Dorian Mood' (New York: The Bodley Head) is also before us. Mr. Plarr is well-known as one of the more thoughtful among the Rhymers' Club; he is apparently not English by descent, but essentially so in his handling, and more than English in his breadth. It would be hard to put before us a better example of the way in which a thoroughly poetic mind can use the materials that lie directly around him than in the fine feeling and shaping imagination of this London poem (p. 102):

THE DEER IN GREENWICH PARK.

Pathetic in their rags, from far and near,
The children of the slums o'erswarm the grass;
Pathetic in their grace the kinglike deer
Leap up to let them pass.

Where riot scares the gloom and fevers burn,
These wizened babes were pent till morning light;
Slim shadows moving 'mong the moonlit fern,
These shy deer strayed all night.

In the hot hours London's poor wastrels find
Their paradise in this brown London park;
The lordlier brutes, in the scant shade reclined,
Pant for the hours of dark

When some dim instinct of primeval years
Thrills on a sudden through each dappled breast,
And with untamable mysterious fears
The herd is repossessed.

Then the branched horns are toss'd; the nostrils fine
Respire the sleepy breath from London's heart,
And bucks, and does, and fawns, in spectral line,
Forth from their bracken start.

An antlered watchman stamps a shapely hoof—
Is that a tartaned Gael within the brake?
Did Luath bay below the heath-clad roof—
Doth Fingal's son awake?

. . . . . .

Who knows what stirs them? Nay, can any guess
That which their beautiful clear eyes import
When, at high noon, about the hand they press,
Begging in timid sort,

Save haply the exile's doom, which is the same
Whether 'tis buried in the tragic eyes
Of king discrowned, or wanderer without name,
Bondman, or brute that dies?

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

THE two-volume 'Historical Tales, Greek and Roman' (Lippincott) is a useful plan of Mr. Charles Morris's, judiciously, if not ideally, carried out. There is real need for such a book, and the stories are given in short flights, well adapted to youngsters who are just fledging their wings for the reading-book. The best of them follow closely Herodotus, Livy, and Plutarch—the closer the better, as a matter of course. Mr. Morris shows a praiseworthy desire to be careful in matters of history, but he has it on his conscience besides to set up sign posts against the legends; yet we believe "the noble lies" of Livy and Herodotus are more precious to the childish soul than many a vulgar matter of fact. In these sceptical days, the infant scientist may be trusted to part with his faith quite early enough for his intellectual health; nor can we quite approve the principle which warns the innocent mind against the ring of Polycrates and the nursing wolf of Romulus and Remus, and on the next page endorses a false etymology of the word *celer*. But the selection is, in general, good and inspiring, the style is clear and simple, very rarely striking a false note or deviating into a slipshod sentence.

'The Long Walls' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a handsome volume which describes a boy's adventures in Greece and his exploration of a ruined town near Missolonghi. What with Wallachian shepherds and earthquakes and thrilling discoveries, there is a high spice of legitimate excitement mingled with the lessons of archæology. Uncle Ned, who administers these, is a gentleman who may be trusted with children and is a safe and scholarly guide. "Van's" slang is probably not overdrawn, but is certainly overdone. Boys talk slang, it is true, but that is no reason why they should read it constantly. However, with this exception, the style is in good taste, and is always vivacious; the illustrations are excellent; the local color, and even the Greek quotations, are accurate. The story is just as attractive as if it contained no information, and yet it gives very correct impressions about art and antiquities as well as about modern Greek life and manners.

The late Col. Thomas W. Knox's 'The Land of the Kangaroo' (Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.) is marked by the excellences as well as the defects of his previous works of the same character. Considerable information is given in this, his last volume, about the cities of Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney and the adjacent country, but in a manner not calculated to interest the young reader. Unnecessary stress also is laid upon the horror of convict life in the penal settlements and on the hulks in the early days of the colonies. The book is attractively provided with illustrations, but a map showing the boy travellers' route would have increased its value.

'The Boy Tramps,' by J. Macdonald Oxley (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), is a spirited and entertaining description of a journey across Canada. The account of life and scenery in the cities, on the plains, and in the mountains is enlivened by a series of blood-stirring adventures, in all of which the boy travellers play a prominent part. They are of the most varied kind, from encounters with highwaymen to shooting a timber slide and riding a half-wild buffalo. The two heroes are very attractive lads, and both amusement and instruction will be gained by accompanying them in their tramp from Quebec to Ottawa and through the passes of the Rocky Mountains on the track of the Canadian Pacific. The illustrations are very good.

'The Green Mountain Boys' is the title rather boldly appropriated by Eliza F. Pollard for a book published by Dodd, Mead & Co. No mention whatever is made of Thompson's well-known work bearing this title, although it is clear that it has furnished much of the material for the present volume. Some of the early incidents and battles of the Revolutionary period are woven together with a love story, the scene changing from Vermont to Massachusetts and back again. From the point of view of an adult there seems little to commend in the book; but we are obliged to testify that some youthful readers find it fascinating.

The new edition of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's well-approved and standard children's story, 'Hans Brinker' (Scribners), is furnished with an unusually full and harmonious set of illustrations and vignettes, which really illustrate, at once adorning the book and instructing the reader. The artist, Mr. Allen B. Doggett, made an especial trip to Holland for the purpose of having his work sound and consistent; and he has reason to be satisfied, for his pictures not only are correct and full of local spirit, but have an illuminating relation to the text too often wholly wanting in books of like character.

'What the Dragon-Fly Told the Children,' by Frances Bell Coursen (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.), he quoted from our best poets, repeating simple melodious poems by Shakspere, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others—even venturing one from Chaucer. Why these selections should be supposed to gain by a dragon-fly's recitation remains a puzzle, especially as the preface admits that "the poetry itself is the bait by which we hope to catch the children." We think in fairness the dragon-fly should have told the children that he was not quoting Kingsley verbatim when he repeated,

"Be good, dear children, let who will be clever."

It would be a pity to fix in a child's retentive mind even trifling inaccuracies.

This little verse, by the way, holds in a nutshell the kernel of 'Christine's Career,' by Pauline King (Appletons). Christine lived to outgrow her discontent that she lacked the brilliant talents of her father and mother, and to accept willingly as her "career" the work of making a home for her father. The soundness of this doctrine few will dispute, since most of us must do without a career and be content, as Clough once said, with "mere subsistence." Such errors in quotation as "wreathing and writhing" for "reeling and writhing," and "For James Fitz-James was Scotland's King," and such grammar as "she gave he and Teddy," can hardly be laid upon the compositor's burdened shoulders. But it was probably the bookbinder's perverse notion to turn upside down the pretty narcissus decoration of the cover.

Another girls' book, called 'A Genuine Girl,' is by Jeanie Gould Lincoln (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The heroine is a pretty girl and behaves in a pleasant way, but to any one who has ever known one specimen of the kind it will be superfluous to read the book, since Phylis, the "sweet P," is as like all the rest as if they had grown in the same pod. Perhaps the glimpses of Washington society, and the intimacy with Senators, judges, and other people of consideration, may be some compensation for the lack of artistic quality in the book.

This lack is even more strongly felt in Julia P. Dabney's 'Little Daughter of the Sun' (Roberts Bros.). If to make a commonplace story acceptable it is needful only to carry it into a foreign climate, and dress it up with a fantastic name, the business of story-writing has become too easy. In this case that method conspicuously fails. Even with the advantage of living in the island of Teneriffe, the little daughter of the sun is still a "dreadful ordinary" girl. We are left doubting whether she owes her fanciful designation to her tropi-

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cal home or to her yellow hair. One is prejudiced against this story by the first glance at its illustrations, which are extremely bad. Altogether the book is one which any child's library can afford to be without.

In the same category we may class 'The Scrape that Jack Built,' by Ottilie A. Liljencrantz (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). The name of the book is hardly more offensive to one's sense of literary propriety than its contents. Jack is so weak and stupid, in addition to his naughtiness, that it is hard to take any interest in him, and impossible to believe that his final repentance is likely to last beyond the next temptation to mischief.

In refreshing contrast is 'Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss,' by E. W. Thompson (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). While taking up a work beyond his years to save an invalid father from ruinous loss, the young boss has a becoming sense of his own inexperience, and knows the important distinction between a self-reliant and a headstrong spirit. Canada is the scene of both this and the other stories in the volume, and the small amount of local color that they show is ingrained. "Tom's Fearful Adventure"—of almost drowning in a washbowl, by getting his head caught under the faucets—and one or two more of the shorter tales, are really better than the title story. The absence of slang throughout is a pleasant feature.

This year Mr. Andrew Lang adds to his long list of books for children a collection of "more or less true stories" about animals which he calls 'The Animal Story Book' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Many different creatures figure here, from bears, lions, and monkeys down to tortoises, frogs, and ants. Some of the stories date from classic times, like that of Androcles and his lion, but most are modern. This book will prove as welcome a feast as former ones of Mr. Lang's providing.

'The Dwarf's Tailor, and Other Fairy Tales' (Harpers) have been collected by Zoe Dana Underhill from widely scattered sources. Germany contributes most, but Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Russia, and Hungary are represented, too. Most of the stories resemble closely the familiar old tales that no child grows up without knowing, but there is sufficient novelty in handling to make them seem fresh and welcome. The English is good and direct, an agreeable change from the corrupt and feeble language in which many children's books are written.

A group of fantastic stories by Harry Jones is called 'Prince Boo Hoo and Little Smuts' (London: Gardner, Darton & Co.). The stories will please young children, fond of violent exercise for their imagination. They have more than usual of genuine gayety and good humor, and less of the galvanic antics so often and so vainly offered to amuse. The necessary grown-up reader, moreover, will find an occasional *mot* to cheer him on, like this: "It isn't right, and, what is more, it does not look well." The pictures are clear and amusing; one, in particular, showing how "the engine was smashed and all the passengers killed," cannot fail to please.

'Fairy Starlight and the Dolls,' by Elizabeth S. Blakeley (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a book for small girls. Little Bianca, the mistress of four interesting dolls, makes the fairy's acquaintance one fine night and is allowed to join her dolls, incognita, and play with them during their wakeful midnight hours, when they indulge in various active amusements and present an aspect very different from their daytime stolidity. Together they make trips into Doll-land, and have some exciting adventures. Bianca finally betrays her identity, and the dolls stiffen at once.

A book in which the children and animals mix on fairly equal terms, and seem to understand each other remarkably well, in spite of their difference in dialect, is 'Jerry the Blunderer,' by Lily F. Wesselhoeft (Roberts Bros.). Jerry is a well meaning, often ill-doing, Irish terrier, whose warm heart more than makes up to his friends for his clumsy manners. It is a safe guess that the children in this book were studies from life, so natural and convincing do their most erratic performances appear. The picture of little Rachel and Harry standing at the open window and "hollering up to God" is both funny and touching. "You see," they explain to their mother, "we have prayed and prayed to God to find a home for that poor little baby who hasn't got any mamma, and God hasn't taken any notice of it at all; so we thought that perhaps if we hollered loud he would be more likely to hear us."

In his 'American Boy's Book of Sports' (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), the author, Daniel C. Beard, shows plainly that he believes in doing well what he undertakes to do. A surprise, therefore, awaits the reader, for it is not customary to expect excellence in books of games addressed to children. This book is praiseworthy from end to end, and will find favor even with those who have long since passed to man's estate. In his chapter about kites Mr. Beard gives a better history of the evolution of the tailless kite than any one of the kite experts has been able to produce, although his story, it should be remembered, is merely incidental to his main purpose, that of teaching boys how to make and fly kites. A brief history of the game accompanies the principal descriptions, and these must have taken time and pains. The careful work of the author impresses one who looks the volume over, and in those matters which, like the building of a boat or a Man-Friday sailing-raft, would involve risk were the directions in the least unpractical, one is led to have confidence in it and deem it safe to place in the hands of children.

Quotations for Occasions. Compiled by Katharine B. Wood. The Century Co. 1896.

WHETHER the ancient Greeks or Romans had anything corresponding to our menu-cards is a question to which the present reviewer has devoted time which perhaps might have been better spent; and the only conclusion he has reached is that of Miss Peecher on the question whether there were any Lizzies in the early Christian church, that "it must be considered very doubtful." The fact is, the Romans (for we must leave out of the question the Greeks, who never got beyond the crudest idea of a dinner) would have considered it the worst possible form to let the guests know what they were going to have. The Roman host's aim was to keep his guests alternating between expectation and surprise; witness the famous banquet of Trimalchio, where every course was a new astonishment.

With the menu-card would go, of course, the menu-mottoes. And yet in the banquet just mentioned there was a feature which seems a dim foreshadowing of them, or rather a turning of the mind in a direction leading to them. An immense platter, or *repositorium*, was brought in, divided into twelve compartments whereon the twelve signs of the zodiac were portrayed, and the ingenuity of the chef had fitted each of these with a congruent dish; on Taurus, a beefsteak; on Pisces a pair of mullets, and so on. Then, as representing the motto-feature, there were the *apophoreta*, or gifts distributed among the guests at Roman dinners, each accompanied with a distich, playfully or wittily allusive.

Domitian employed the poet Martial to write verses for his *apophoreta*, and the modern hostess usually lays the burden of finding mottoes for menu-cards or other entertainments upon some bookworm of her acquaintance. To lighten this burden, the present volume has been prepared; and we do it but justice to say that it not only admirably answers that purpose, but may almost claim a place in literature in virtue of its extensive range of research and ingenuity of application. In proof of the former quality, not only has the author drawn upon those books which everybody turns to for quotations, but such out-of-the-way sources as Heywood, Cartwright, Shackerley Marmion, Guevara's 'Epistles,' the drama of "Sakuntala," and 'The Babees Book.' To illustrate the latter point, take an instance or two almost at random:

(For an actors' dinner.) "'Tis impossible! The Players gone to dinner!" [*Rehearsal.*]
(Mint juleps.) "The delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."
[*Measure for Measure.*]
(Bicycle meet.) "The wheel has come full circle: I am here." [*Lear.*]

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adeane, J. H. The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd [Lady Stanley]. Recorded in Letters of a Hundred Years Ago. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
A Whist Catechism. 2d ed. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 75c.
Aylesworth, Barton O. Song and Fable. Des Moines: The Kenyon Press.
Balfour, M. C. White Sand: The Story of a Dreamer and his Dream. Merriam Co.
Barrie, J. M. Margaret Ogilvy. Scribners. $1.25.
Barrie, J. M. The Little Minister. Vol. II. *Sentimental Tommy. Vol. I.* [*Thistle Edition.*] Scribners.
Baxter, Katharine S. In Bamboo Lands. Merriam Co.
Blashfield, E. H. and E. W., and Hopkins, A. A. Vasari's Lives of the Painters. 4 vols. Scribners. $15.
Boswell-Stone, W. G. Shakspere's Holinshed: The Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Bourgeois, Émile. France under Louis XIV.: Its Arts—its Ideas. Scribners. $15.
Bouvet, Marguerite. Pierrette. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Brontë, Charlotte. Jane Eyre. London: Service & Paton; New York: Putnams. $1.
Browning, H. Ellen. A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary. Longmans, Green & Co, $2.
Browning, Mrs E. B. Sonnets from the Portuguese. Boston: Copeland & Day. $2.
Brun, Prof. S. J. Tales of Languedoc. San Francisco: William Doxey. $2.
Bulwer-Lytton, E. Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Burgin, G. B. Tomalyn's Quest. Harpers. $1.25.
Chadwick, J. W., and Annie H. Through Love to Light: A Selection of Songs of Good Courage. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.25.
Chambers, R. W. The Maker of Moons. Putnams. $1.50.
Clement, Clara E. The Eternal City, Rome. 2 vols. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $6.
Coffin, C. C. The Boys of '61. New ed. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $2.50.
Collins, J. C. A Treasury of Minor British Poetry. Edward Arnold. $2.50.
Crackanthorpe, Hubert. Vignettes: A Miniature Journal of Whim and Sentiment. John Lane. $1.
Craik, Henry. English Prose. Vol. V. Nineteenth Century. Macmillan. $1.10.
Daudet, Alphonse. Jack. 2 vols. Macmillan. $2.
Davidson, John. New Ballads. John Lane.
Dillon, W. Bequests for Masses for the Souls of Deceased Persons. Chicago: William Dillon.
Donovan, Thomas. English Historical Plays. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4.
Dowie, Ménie M. Some Whims of Fate. John Lane. $1.
Dubois, Felix. Timbuctoo the Mysterious. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
Dubois, Félix. Tombouctou la Mystérieuse. Paris: Flammarion; New York: Brentano's.
Dumas, A. Mary Stuart Queen of Scots. Merriam Co.
Dunbar, Paul L. Lyrics of Lowly Life. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Ellwanger, G. H. *Love's Demesne.* 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Eux et Elle. By "Gyp." Paris: Lévy; New York: Brentano's.
Ford, Miss Nellie W. Nature's Byways: Natural Science for Primary Pupils. New York: The Morse Co. 40c.
Fouqué, De la Motte. Sintram and his Companions, and Undine. E. & J. B. Young & Co. $2.50.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. Palladia. Macmillan. $1.25
Friedman, I. K. The Lucky Number. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.
Furneaux, W. Life in Ponds and Streams. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
Gibbon, Edward. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Vol. II. Macmillan. $2.
Gold Stories of '49. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.
Gordon, John. Three Children of Galilee: A Life of Christ for Young People. Boston: Joseph Knight Co. $1.50.

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